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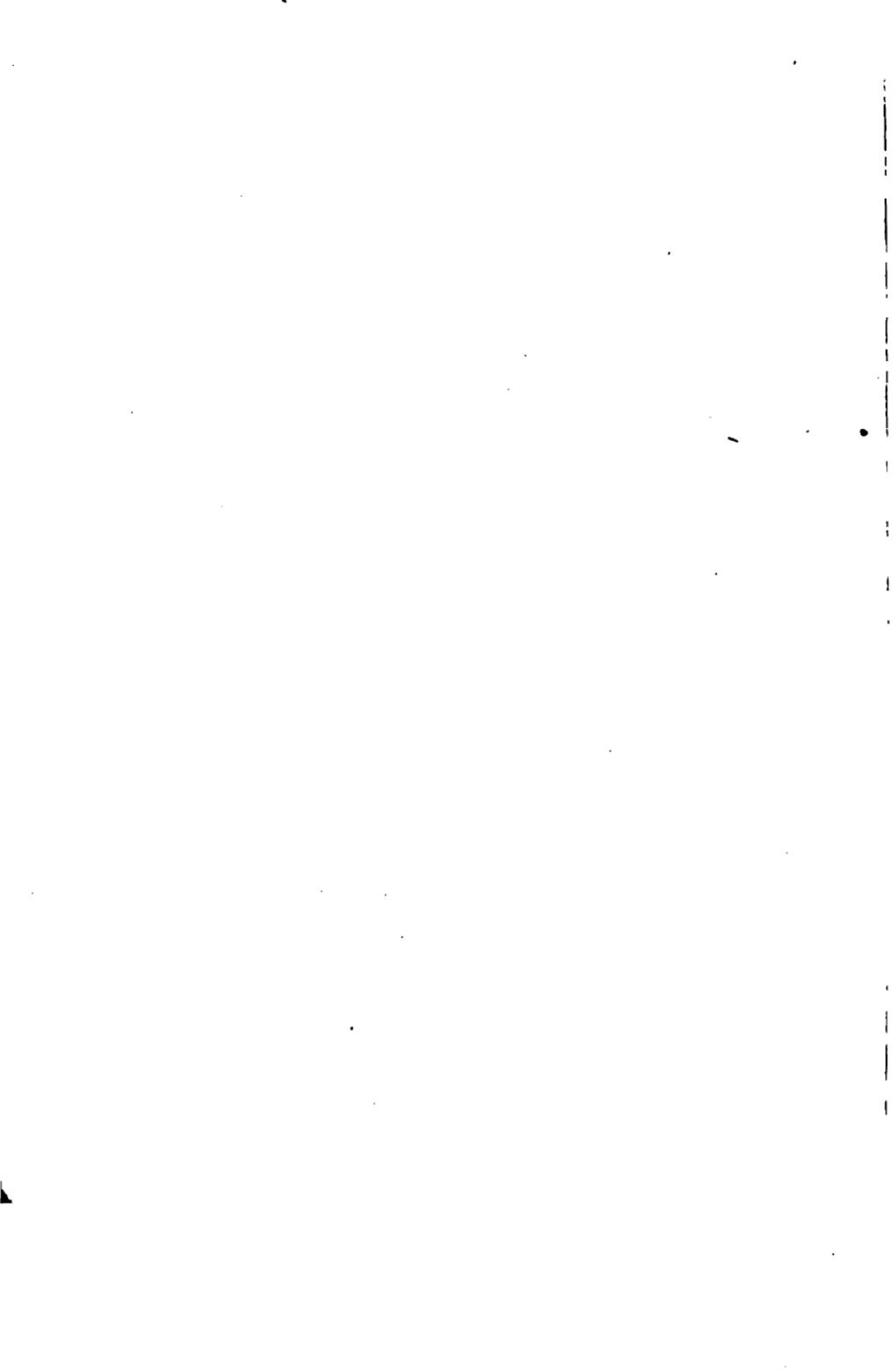
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BY

DANIEL HARVEY HILL

=

AND

FRANK LINCOLN STEVENS

OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS

AND

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## PREFACE

School readers enter more deeply into the lives and characters of children than do the other books of the public-school curriculum. What can ever drive from the mind the stories and the poems of childhood, or erase the impressions consciously or unconsciously drawn from them?

The editors have striven to make this series of books worthy of their responsibility. The authors represented belong almost entirely to two classes: first, those who have won applause as writers for children; second, those who are members of the world's elect circle of writers. As far as is possible in readers, each selection is given in the very words of the author and in its literary entirety.

To take advantage of the fact that the fourth-reader child is perhaps in his most expansive imaginative period, an unusually large number of new as well as classic myths and wonder stories have been incorporated in this book.

As a large proportion of the school children of America live in the country, especial care has been taken to include a large and varied number of selections relating to rural life. These, it is hoped, will help to foster a love for nature and for the country home, open the eyes of children to the marvelous beauties around them, and bring them nearer the life that they are to lead.

To help children attending schools in which there are few reference books, the biographical notes have been made fuller than in most readers.

The editors desire also to make thankful acknowledgments to publishers, private copyright holders, and to authors as follows: to *The Outlook* for the translation of Jean Aicard's story; to Dodd, Mead & Co. for Ian Maclarens *The Saving of Nestie*; to D. Appleton & Co. for Bryant's *Song of Marion's Men*; to Little, Brown & Co. for Mrs. Preston's *Chrimhilde's Treasures*; to the Bloch Publishing Company for Dr. A. S. Isaac's translation from the Talmud; to the Syndics of the University Press, Cambridge, England, for the selection from the Jātaka; to the Century Company for Irwin Russell's *Hope*; to Ginn & Company for Dr. Long's *Attacked by a Moose*, and Frances Nimmo Greene's *The Coming of Arthur*; to William Hamilton Hayne for Paul Hamilton Hayne's *The Meadow Brook*; to Mrs. Leonora M. Ticknor for Dr. F. O. Ticknor's *Gracie of Alabama*; to Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck for his *Grapevine Swing*; to Madison Cawein for *The Old Barn*; to Elbert Hubbard for *A Message to Garcia*; and to Benjamin Sledd for *The Children*. The selections from Longfellow, Burroughs, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Trowbridge, Horace E. Scudder, Olive Thorne Miller, and Joel Chandler Harris are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works.

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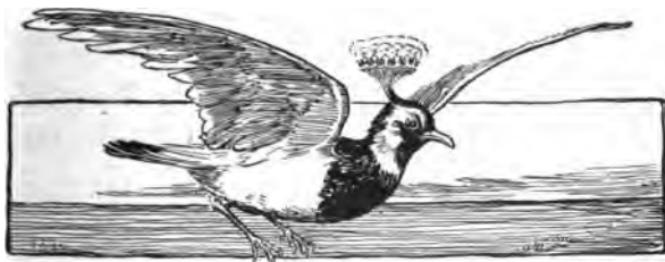


# THE HILL READERS

## Book Four

### THE KING AND THE LAPWINGS<sup>1</sup>

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS<sup>2</sup>



One day the great King of the Magicians and Sorcerers was leaving his country to visit a neighboring Queen. The birds sang and the little crickets in the grass made themselves noisy; but the King, while enjoying the scene and the sounds around him, went forward without delay.

<sup>1</sup> From *Evening Tales*. (From the French.) Copyright, 1900.  
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<sup>2</sup> For a sketch of the life of Joel Chandler Harris, see page 177.

The sun shone brightly, the birds were joyous, and all nature seemed to be happy, but the King suffered from fatigue. Great beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he longed for a 5 cloud that would give shade and coolness. The earth seemed to be a furnace. The sun spread its great rays of light and the cloud came not. The King begged for a clump of woods that he might have the benefit of shade, and for a stream of cool 10 and sparkling water that he might quench his thirst. The road was long and dusty, and the wells were dry.

In the air, far away, appeared the King of the Lapwings. He bore in his beak a draught of water, 15 and his wings were dripping wet. Faster than the wind he made his way to the fainting King.

“Ah!” said the bird; “it was indeed time that I came”; and with the end of his wing he tenderly washed the face of the unfortunate King, and 20 placed between his lips the water he held in his beak. The King revived and opened his eyes.

“Ah!” he exclaimed; “thou who hast given me back my life! I am hereafter under all obligations to you.”

25 “Wait a moment, your Majesty,” said the King of the Lapwings; “thirst still devours you, but

have hope. Behold in the distance my faithful subjects who come forth, each one carrying at the end of its wings the delightful refreshment you have longed for."

The lapwings arrived on all sides. Each one deposited in the mouth of the unfortunate King the 'fresh water for which he thirsted.

"Ah! this is better than bread," said the King, reviving. "What can I do to show my gratitude?"

"Nothing," said the King of the Lapwings. "Nothing," responded the other birds. "Continue your journey, and you will find yourself hereafter under the shadow of our wings."

Then the King resumed his journey. Night came, and he found himself near the palace of the Queen whom he had intended to visit. The lapwings still continued with him. No matter how bright the sun shone, no matter how suffocating the heat as he journeyed on, a gentle lapwing came to his assistance.

20

Touched by the solicitude of these birds, the King said: "I cannot leave you, my friends, you who had pity on me when I was forsaken by all, without giving you an evidence of my gratitude. Tell me, what can I do for you? How can I show you how grateful I am?"

At these words the King of the Lapwings advanced and spoke to the King : “ We desire, your Majesty, to be the most beautiful of birds. We want a golden crown on our heads, so that we may be placed before the peacock, who is so proud of his plumage, and before the gay nightingale, who is so proud of his song.”

At these words a great sadness filled the heart of the King, who could read the future; and he responded, shaking his head : “ Ah ! you foolish birds, larger of heart than of mind ! You do not know the weight of a crown and of the dangers to which it exposes those who possess it. A golden diadem, say you ? Alas ! it will bring you misfortune ; ambition without bounds is wicked and perilous. Dear friends, demand of me something else.”

“ No, no ! ” cried the lapwings on all sides, young and old, little and big ; “ that is the only gift we desire,— a crown on our heads. Ah ! what happiness ! We will fly in the air and each bird will envy us.”

The King saw that nothing he could say would convince his companions. He had promised to satisfy their first request, and his word was sacred.

“ Come with me,” said he, “ to my friend Zaccar, the magician. No one is more expert in

the working of metal. Come, and you shall have the diadem you long for."

During three days the magician worked pure gold. The bellows blew and the hammers thumped. During three nights he chased the marvelous 5 crowns that were to adorn the heads of the lapwings. At the dawn of the fourth day the King arrived with a sad smile on his face.

"Friends," said he to the birds, "my promise is fulfilled. Take these diadems, which are master- 10 pieces of art, and go whither your destiny calls you."

At these words the lapwings uttered loud cries of joy.

"Go, go!" cried the King; "escape from man or you are lost." 15

Without understanding his warning, but obeying the command of the powerful King, the lapwings took flight, filled with joy and happiness. They went here and there, flying to the tops of the mountains and descending to the depths of the 20 valleys, telling of their good fortune to all their friends both far and wide.

When the other birds saw the crowns they paid due homage to the symbols. Whenever there was a feast or an important funeral the lapwings and 25 their friends walked in the place of honor, before

the eagles and the peafowls, leaving far behind them the humming bird and the nightingale.

But, unfortunately, it happened one day that a lapwing came too near the abode of man, and  
5 a hunter saw it and killed it.

“What is this?” exclaimed the sportsman, perceiving the golden crown. Seizing it, he ran quickly to the jeweler’s.

“Worker in metals,” said he, “see this marvelous diadem the lapwing carries! Of what metal  
10 is it made?”

The jeweler took the crown, turned it on all sides, and, looking at it with greedy eyes, exclaimed, “It is of pure gold, and if you will part  
15 with it, I will pay you a hundred shekels.”

When the other sportsmen found out the value of the ornaments that the lapwings wore on their heads, they made haste to go into the country, and they pursued the birds wherever they could  
20 find them. New weapons were invented, and the hunters watched day and night, killing all the lapwings that were so unfortunate as to appear in sight.

“Lord have mercy on us!” exclaimed the lapwings; “and blind the eyes of the cruel men who  
25 are killing us.”

But the crown of the lapwings was so brilliant that it resembled the sun's rays, and even in the darkness it shone like the stars. There was no rest or escape for these unfortunate birds. The dark night was as fatal to them as the day. The 5 huntmen pursued them with so much vigor that only ten remained alive.

"What shall we do?" asked the King of the Lapwings, who had not been destroyed. "Let us go and implore the great King to relieve us of 10 these golden crowns that are the cause of all our misfortunes."

Immediately the lapwings started on their journey in search of the great King. Some of them stopped by the way, so that only a few reached 15 the King's throne, where they were welcomed, the powerful ruler talking to them kindly, as he would have talked to faithful friends.

"Lapwings with the golden diadems! My dear companions, what can I do to please you this 20 day?"

"Great Prince," they replied, "you can give us our lives by removing these unfortunate gifts that adorn our heads,— by taking away these golden crowns that have been the cause of all our mis- 25 fortunes."

"I will grant your desire," said the great King; "but in remembrance of your kindness to me you shall hereafter wear a diadem of feathers; but bear in mind that happiness is not in the gift of the  
5 great or the rich, but that it belongs only to those who earn it."

Thereafter the lapwings were no longer pursued by man, and they were happier with their modest tuft of feathers than they had been with their  
10 golden diadem.

**draught:** drink. — **diadem:** crown. — **chased:** ornamented. — **shekel:** a gold shekel was worth about five dollars.



THE LITTLE LAND<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894), novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. His father and his grandfather were civil engineers, and built for the government many of the lighthouses that flash their warning signals along the northern coast of Great Britain. Robert, after being educated at the University of Edinburgh, took up engineering, and later studied law. His health, however, did not permit him to follow either law or engineering, and his own taste led him to writing.

An increasing weakness of the lungs forced him to travel from climate to climate in a vain hope of recovery. His journeys, however, diverted his mind and supplied him with rich material for his books. One year he crossed the mountains of France. Another year he wandered in a canoe through the canals of Holland. Another year found him in the American Adirondacks, and later he crossed the plains and lived for some time in California. In 1889 he went to the Samoan Islands to live. There, on a mountain side, he built a charming home, and there this brilliant storyteller died.

Although many of Stevenson's pages were written on railroad trains, on steamships, and on a sick bed in different lands, none of his work shows lack of care or lack of strength. There is about almost everything that he has written a correctness and finish rarely surpassed. In one of his essays he tells how he trained himself to write, and how faithfully he tried to perfect himself in his chosen profession.

*The Little Land* is from his *Child's Garden of Verse*, a book which Dr. Trent pronounces "a masterpiece of its kind." Among his other works for young people are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, and *The Black Arrow*.

<sup>1</sup> From *Poems of Stevenson*. Copyright, 1900. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.



5

10

15

When at home alone I sit  
And am very tired of it,  
I have just to shut my eyes  
To go sailing through the skies —  
To go sailing far away  
To the pleasant Land of Play;  
To the fairy land afar  
Where the little people are ;  
Where the clover-tops are trees,  
And the rain-pools are the seas,  
And the leaves like little ships  
Sail about on tiny trips;  
And above the daisy tree  
Through the grasses,  
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee  
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro  
I can wander, I can go ;  
See the spider and the fly,  
And the ants go marching by  
Carrying parcels with their feet       5  
Down the green and grassy street.  
I can in the sorrel sit  
Where the ladybird alit.  
I can climb the jointed grass,  
    And on high                           10  
See the greater swallows pass  
    In the sky,  
And the round sun rolling by  
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass       15  
Till, as in a looking glass,  
Humming fly and daisy tree  
And my tiny self I see,  
Painted very clear and neat  
On the rain-pool at my feet.  
Should a leaflet come to land       20  
Drifting near to where I stand,  
Straight I 'll board that tiny boat  
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit  
On the grassy coasts of it;  
Little things with lovely eyes  
See me sailing with surprise.  
5 Some are clad in armor green —  
(These have sure to battle been!) —  
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,  
Black and crimson, gold and blue;  
Some have wings and swift are gone; —  
10 But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again  
Open, and see all things plain :  
High bare walls, great bare floor ;  
Great big knobs on drawer and door ;  
Great big people perched on chairs,  
Stitching tucks and mending tears,  
Each a hill that I could climb,  
And talking nonsense all the time —  
15 O dear me,  
That I could be  
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,  
A climber in the clover tree,  
And just come back, a sleepyhead,  
Late at night to go to bed.

pied : spotted.

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD<sup>1</sup>

FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON

FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON (1834-1902), a humorous and original writer of short stories, was born in Philadelphia. He added to his high-school education by wide reading and early attempts at writing. To please his father he learned to be a wood engraver, but used his art only to illustrate his own tales and verse. For a while he was connected with *Scribner's Monthly*, and wrote for that magazine his first well-known serial, *Rudder Grange*. For several years he was one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*.

Stockton is at his best in such short stories as *The Lady or the Tiger?*, *The Bee Man of Orn*, and *Negative Gravity*. His *Ting-a-Ling Tales*, *Fanciful Tales*, *Tales Out of School*, etc., are charming to children.

A mountain brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hillside, to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks

<sup>1</sup> From *Fanciful Tales*. Copyright, 1894. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village,—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him.

The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate,— posts, latch, hinges, and all,— and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain side and echo back strong <sup>5</sup> and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended <sup>10</sup> his clothes, and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village <sup>15</sup> to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be, and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was <sup>20</sup> quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he <sup>25</sup> had talked a little while with some of his friends,

Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook, and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting  
5 there half a minute when along came two boys and a girl.

“Children,” said Old Pipes, “I’m very tired to-night, and I don’t believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you  
10 to help me.”

“We will do that,” said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he  
15 went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes’ rest before starting back to the village.

20 “I’m sorry that I tired you so much,” said Old Pipes.

“Oh, that would not have tired us,” said one of the boys, “if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled  
25 high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time finding them.”

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

15

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes

stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

“Mother!” he shouted; “did you hear what those children said?”

5     “Children!” exclaimed the old woman; “I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here.”

Then Old Pipes told his mother — shouting very loudly to make her hear — how the two boys and 10 the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

“They can’t hear you?” cried his mother.  
“Why, what’s the matter with the cattle?”

“Ah, me!” said Old Pipes; “I don’t believe 15 there’s anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the 20 village and give back the money I received to-day.”

“Nonsense!” cried his mother. “I’m sure you’ve piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?”

25     “I don’t know,” said Old Pipes; “but I’m going down to the village to pay it back.”

The sun had now set ; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hillside, and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about halfway the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said : 10  
“ Let me out ! let me out ! ”

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. “ This must be a Dryad tree ! ” he exclaimed. “ If it is, I ’ll let her out.”

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a 15 Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moon-light. “ If I see that key,” he said, “ I shall surely turn it.” Before long he found a piece of bark 20 standing out from the tree, which looked to him

very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

5 For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her,—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain side, all lying in the soft, clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen 10 anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on 15 both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing 20 not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, 25 you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me



out! And now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?"

5 "I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you 10 happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

15 "Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now 20 that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night, and turned toward his cottage.

25 "Good night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

10

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser; but he made no remark on this

subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it ; and after supper  
5 he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things he went fast asleep.

- 10 When Old Pipes left the Dryad she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said ; "and it is a shame that he should  
15 lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to  
20 him." She did not start immediately because there were so many beautiful things to look at ; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket, and silently sped away.  
25 The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood.

He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel <sup>5</sup> that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; <sup>10</sup> but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger.

The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years <sup>15</sup> or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done <sup>25</sup> before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he  
5 was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages; for he would only tire himself out and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able  
10 to work.

In the course of the afternoon Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed;  
15 "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home, thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket  
20 all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."

25 Toward the close of the afternoon Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his

pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother.  
"If you will not be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said 5 her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his 10 favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and then spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little 15 interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried; "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever." 20

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain 25 side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. “Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes ?” they said. But, as they were all very  
5 busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough : the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

10 The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. “Oh, ho !” he cried ; “is that you ? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream.”

15 “A dream !” cried the Dryad. “If you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you ? Do you not feel happier ? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your  
20 pipes.”

“Yes, yes !” cried he. “I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding  
25 of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream.”

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man ; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and hand-shakes ; for Old Pipes was liked by every one. The Chief Villager refused to take his money ; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, every one present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

**traverse**: wander over.—**rueful**: sorrowful.—**destination**: the end of a journey.

THE JAPANESE MIRROR<sup>1</sup>

T. HASEGAWA

NOTE. This story, popular in Japan, illustrates the kind of tales that please the little brown children of the Flowery Kingdom. It is worth noting that children's stories of all lands are not markedly different.

5 A long, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they have been long since forgotten, but the name  
10 of the place where they lived was Matsuyama.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little  
15 baby to go, so he set out alone, after bidding them good-by and promising to bring them home some pretty presents.

The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being  
20 a little frightened at the thought of her husband's taking such a long journey; and yet she was a little proud, too, for he was the first man in all

<sup>1</sup> From *Japanese Fairy Tales*. Tokyo.

that countryside who had been to the big town where the King and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband back, so she dressed the baby in her best clothes, and herself put on a pretty blue dress which she knew her husband liked.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see him come home safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon the journey and in the town itself.

15

"I have brought you a very pretty thing," said he to his wife; "it is called a mirror. Look, and tell me what you see inside."

He gave her a plain white wooden box, in which, when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side was ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright as the clearest crystal. Into it the young mother looked with delight and astonishment, for from its depths was looking at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a smiling, happy face.

“What do you see?” again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

“I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and — dear



me! how odd! — she has on a blue dress just like mine.”

“Why, you silly woman! it is your own face that you see!” said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did n’t know. “That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the town everybody has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before.”

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough, for you must remember that, as this

was the first time she had seen a mirror, so, of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for every-day use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Mindful of her own little passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, the mother kept the mirror carefully hidden away, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of it, and as for the father, he had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a terrible misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good, kind mother fell sick ; and, although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she grew worse

and worse, until at last there was no hope but that she must die.

When she found that she must so soon leave her husband and child the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she was going to leave behind, and most of all for her little daughter.

She called the girl to her and said : " My darling child, you know that I am very sick ; soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning ; there you will see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from its hiding place and gave it to her daughter. The child promised with many tears ; and so the mother, seeming now calm and resigned, died a short time after.

Now this obedient and dutiful daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother ; not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and

difficulties of the day ; to her in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done 5 in her lifetime, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her. Her greatest joy was to be able to look in the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would wish me to be." 10

Seeing her every night and morning, without fail, look into the mirror and seem to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every 15 day to see my dear mother and to talk with her."

Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and how she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity 20 and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face, by constant sympathy and association becoming more and more like her mother's day by day. 25

**converse :** talk.

## BOB WHITE

GEORGE COOPER

GEORGE COOPER (1820–1876) was an English musician and author. He is widely known from his books on the organ, and from some exquisite nature poems.



I see you on the zigzag rails,  
5 You cheery little fellow !  
While purple leaves are whirling down,  
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.  
I hear you when the air is full  
10 Of snow-down of the thistle ;  
All in your speckled jacket trim,  
“ Bob White ! Bob White ! ” you whistle.  
  
Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,  
Are nodding there to greet you ;

I know that you are out for play —  
 How I should like to meet you !  
 Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,  
     In this delightful weather ;  
 What splendid playmates you and I,  
     Bob White, would make together !         5

There, you are gone ! but far away  
 I hear your whistle falling.  
 Ah ! maybe it is hide-and-seek,  
     And that's why you are calling.           10  
 Along those hazy uplands wide  
     We'd be such merry rangers ;  
 What ! silent now, and hidden too ?  
     Bob White, don't let's be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game,  
     In yonder rainbowed thicket,  
 While winds are playing with the leaves,  
     And softly creaks the cricket.           15  
 “ Bob White ! Bob White ! ” — again I hear  
     That blithely whistled chorus.           20  
 Why should we not companions be ?  
     One Father watches o'er us !

**amber** : yellow. — **rangers** : rovers.

## THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400) has often been called the Father of English Verse. So greatly has the language changed since his time that modern readers find his poetry hard to understand. The following is an adaptation of one of his famous

5 *Canterbury Tales.*

There was once a poor widow, feeble and bent down with the weight of years, who dwelt with her two daughters in a small cottage, and was content with humble fare. Three large sows, three kine,  
10 and one sheep she possessed, and these furnished her with her sole means of support. Therefore it happened that the household ate "many a slender mele" of milk and brown bread, while some bacon with an egg or two composed their greatest feasts.  
15 In her little yard the widow had a few fowls, one of which (a cock named Chanticleer) had not his equal in crowing.

"His voice was merrier than the merry organ." He was a fine fellow, too, to look at, with comb of  
20 brilliant red, a jet-black bill, and his feathers like gold for richness of color.

The fairest of all the widow's seven hens was Dame Partlet, who always sat next to Chanticleer on the perch when they went to roost.

One night Chanticleer made such dismal noises in his dreams that Dame Partlet grew alarmed, and said to him: "What ails you that you groan in this fashion? You are generally an excellent sleeper."

"Ah, dear dame," answered the cock, as he 5 roused himself from his troubled rest, "you will not wonder that I groaned when I tell you the terrible fright I have had in my sleep. It seemed that within our own yard I saw a horrible beast walking. He was somewhat like a hound, with color 10 betwixt yellow and red, and his ears were different from the rest of his body, being black. Then his eyes were bright and fierce; it was the glance he seemed to give me that doubtless made me utter the noises which alarmed you so much." 15

"Well," cried Partlet, in much indignation, "if you are going to be a coward, you have lost your place in our esteem. I wonder you are not ashamed to speak of such fear. Ah! perhaps you have been nothing after all but a boaster, else you would not 20 be afraid of a foolish dream. Dreams come sometimes from overindulgence and high living. Let me advise you, as there is no apothecary in this town, to taste some herbs that I will find in the yard, which are sure to benefit you; if you do not 25 take care, you will have a fever or an ague. But

think no more of your fancy of to-night. A wise man has said, ‘Never pay heed to dreams.’”

Then said Chanticleer, “Madam, I doubt not your judgment and learning, but let me tell you that dreams are often the signs of joy.”

As Chanticleer finished speaking he saw that it was day, so he flew down from the perch and, calling the seven hens to follow him, went forth into the yard. There he forgot both the fears and the fancies of sleep.

Time passed, and on a fair morning in early spring Chanticleer was walking proudly at the head of his hens, bidding them note the brightness of the sun and the sweetness of the birds’ songs. “Full is mine heart of revel and solace,” he said; but frequently sorrow follows close on joy, and sad misfortune was about to fall on the fowl yard.

A cunning fox had come out of his hiding in the wood and, bursting through the hedges of the poor widow’s piece of ground, lay concealed in the yard, waiting his opportunity to fall on Chanticleer.

It so fell that the cock saw a butterfly on the leaves of the plants amid which the fox was lurking, and, approaching nearer, saw the intruder and would have fled. But that deceitful animal cried: “Gentle sir, are you afraid of a friend like myself?



Believe me, I am not here to do you harm ; I come only that I may hear you sing, and, truly, you have a voice as merry and sweet as any angel in heaven. I was acquainted with your father and  
5 mother, and many a time they honored me by visiting my house. With the exception of yourself, never did I hear cock sing so beautifully as your noble father; and how he would stand on the tips of his toes to make his voice come out more strongly !”

10 So charmed was Chanticleer by this flattery that he too began to stretch his neck and flutter his wings and crow with might and main ; but the fox sprang from his hiding place, caught him up, and carried him off to his hole in the wood.

15 Never, surely, was there such a noise as the seven hens made when they saw their defender borne away. The widow and her daughters heard them, and, starting up, reached their door just in time to see the fox darting off in the direction of  
20 the wood with the helpless cock upon his back.

“A-ha ! a-ha ! the fox !” they cried, and began to give chase, in which they were joined by all the men and women and children who lived within earshot of their cries. Even the animals ran with  
25 them,—cow, calf, and pigs,—for they were frightened by the barking of the dogs ; the ducks cried ;

the geese for very terror flew over the trees ; the bees swarmed out from the hives ; and never was there more confusion in this world than these shrieking, shouting people made as the fox flew off to the wood with Chanticleer for his prey.

5

Now, mark you, my friends, how fortune may change in an instant.

As the poor cock lay trembling on the back of his foe a sudden thought prompted him to say : “Sir, were I you, I should presently speak to these 10 noisy folk, and say, ‘I have gained the entrance to the wood, and I will devour this cock in spite of all your efforts.’ ”

“Yes, so *will* I speak to them,” replied the fox, well pleased with the suggestion. But as he opened 15 his mouth Chanticleer freed himself with one quick movement and fluttered up into a tree overhead.

“Good friend,” cried the fox, “I have done you a great wrong, though unintentionally. I ought not to have dragged you away from your home and 20 friends ; but, I pray you, come down and all shall be explained.”

“No, no,” said Chanticleer. “Once you have beguiled me with your flattery, but never will I be deceived by your smooth words again.”

25

From *Chaucer's Stories Simply Told*

Adapted by MARY SEYMOUR

## THE OLD BARN

MADISON CAWEIN

MADISON CAWEIN (1865— ), an American poet of Huguenot descent, was born in Louisville, Kentucky. He early devoted himself to poetry. "It was," says Edmund Gosse, "Mr. William Dean Howells who first drew attention to the originality and beauty of Mr. Cawein's poetry. The Kentucky poet had, at that time, published but one volume, the *Blooms of the Berry*. This was followed, in 1888, by the *Triumph of Music*, and since then hardly a year has passed without a slender sheaf of verse from Mr. Cawein's garden."

- 10      Low, swallow-swept and gray,  
        Between the orchard and the spring,  
        All its wide windows overflowing hay,  
        And crannied doors a-swing,  
        The old barn stands to-day.
- 15      Deep in its hay the Leghorn hides  
        A round white nest; and, humming soft  
        On roof and rafter, or its log-rude sides,  
        Black in the sun-shot loft,  
        The building hornet glides.
- 20      Along its corn-crib, cautiously  
        As thieving fingers, skulks the rat;  
        Or in warped stalls of fragrant timothy,

Gnaws at some loosened slat,  
Or passes shadowy.

A dream of drouth made audible  
Before its door, hot, smooth, and shrill  
All day the locust sings. . . . What other spell 5  
Shall hold it, lazier still  
Than the long day's, now tell :—

Dusk and the cricket and the strain  
Of tree-toad and of frog; and stars  
That burn above the rich west's ribbèd stain; 10  
And dropping pasture bars,  
And cow-bells up the lane.

Night and the moon and katydid,  
And leaf-lisp of the wind-touched boughs;  
And mazy shadows that the fireflies thrid; 15  
And sweet breath of the cows,  
And the lone owl here hid.

*crannied*: having small openings. — *thrid*: to make one's way through.



## THE STORY OF AN APPLE

H. L. HUTT

H. L. HUTT, a Canadian teacher, is now professor of horticulture in the Ontario Agricultural College.

One evening after tea I had just settled down in my easy-chair for a glance at the newspaper, 5 when my trio of little folk pounced upon me for a new story.

“A fairy story,” said Jean.

“No; one about wild animals,” said Fred.

“I like to hear about what you did when you 10 were a little boy,” said Gordon.

Here was too much of a variety to be given all at once; so I said, “Look at those beautiful red apples on the table. Shouldn’t you like to hear their story?” Fred was doubtful whether much 15 of a story could be told about apples; but I informed him that every apple has a history, and some have very interesting ones.

“What variety of apple is that?” I asked.

“A McIntosh,” they all shouted in chorus; for 20 they had been learning the names of apples and were always greatly pleased when they could identify a variety correctly.

"How do you suppose it got that name?" I next inquired; but as this was too much for them, I said, "Well, that is where we shall begin our story.

"Once upon a time (for all good stories begin 5 that way), about thirty years ago, on a farm near Dundela, a little village in Dundas County, in the St. Lawrence Valley, lived a man by the name of Allan McIntosh. He was one of the early settlers in that section, and had cleared off most of the 10 forest which once covered his fields, only a few acres having been left for bush. The bush was the favorite resort of the cows when the weather became warm and the flies were troublesome.

"One evening, late in September, when Mr. 15 McIntosh's little boys, Allan and Harvey, were hunting through the bush for the cows, they espied just on the edge of a clearing a little tree bearing near its top a number of bright red apples. If they had discovered it sooner, they might have found 20 many more on the lower branches. What do you suppose had become of them?"

"The cows had eaten them," suggested Fred.

"Yes, the cows had found them first; but the boys were soon up the tree, making sure that the 25 cows would get no more of them.

“The apples were at that time hardly mellow enough for eating, but that did not prevent the boys from sampling them; and they declared that they were the finest wild apples that they had ever 5 tasted. Those not eaten at once were taken home and kept in the cellar till the family gathering at Christmas, when all present pronounced them finer than any of the famous varieties grown in the little orchard near the house.

10 “Here then was a little tree growing wild without any care, yet producing handsome apples of fine quality. How do you suppose it came to be growing there?”

“Somebody planted it,” declared Gordon.

15 “No,” I said, “it was not planted, but grew there from the seed, and was, therefore, what is called a seedling.”

“The Brownies must have planted it,” remarked Jean.

20 “Well, maybe they did,” I said; “but I think the Brownies in this case were the men who helped to chop down the trees in the woods. Probably they had taken with them some snow apples to eat when they felt hungry. They threw away the 25 cores, and from one of the seeds this little tree may have grown.”

"What makes you think they were snow apples?" inquired Jean.

"Well," I said, "if you will fetch a few snow apples from the cellar, to compare with those in the dish, you may find the reason yourself." 5

In less time than it takes to tell they were making comparisons, and they agreed that there was not much difference in appearance, except that the McIntoshes were, on the whole, a little larger and redder than the snows. 10

"What makes those black spots on the skin?" asked Gordon; "they are on both sides."

"Those," I replied, "are caused by a fungous disease with which the snow apple and its relatives are often troubled. Now cut an apple of each kind 15 and compare the flesh."

"They are both nearly as white as snow, are n't they?" said Jean.

"That is still further proof," I said, "that they belong to the same family. Now taste them." 20 After much tasting it was decided that they were both so good that it was hard to say which was the better; but when the children were asked to shut their eyes and guess the name of each by the taste, they found no difficulty in telling which was 25 the McIntosh, because it had a "spicy flavor."

“Now,” I said, “I think that you have sufficient proof that these two apples are related. In fact, there is little doubt that the McIntosh, and a number of other varieties I might mention, are 5 seedlings from the snow, or, as it is more properly called, the *Fameuse*. These varieties, however, do not take their names from their parent. The McIntosh, as you may have already guessed, received its name from the man on whose farm the first tree of that 10 kind was found.”

“But how does it happen that there are so many trees of that kind now?” asked Fred. “We have them, and grandpa has them, and a great many people have them.”

15 “That,” I said, “is one of the interesting points in the story of nearly all cultivated fruit trees.

“All the McIntosh trees now growing in all parts of the country have descended from that one little tree in Dundas County, not by planting seed 20 from it, for that would probably have produced other varieties, but by grafting and budding other trees with cuttings and buds taken from it.

“One of the most remarkable things about nearly all our cultivated fruit trees is that trees 25 grown from their seed show endless variations. If, for instance, you should plant one hundred McIntosh

apple seeds, probably no two of the trees from them would bear apples just alike. It is even likely that none of them would bear as good fruit as the McIntosh, although it is possible that even better fruit might be produced. Some day you may find 5 this an interesting thing to investigate."

"But what do you mean by budding and grafting?" inquired Fred.

"These," I replied, "are methods adopted by nurserymen, who make a business of growing trees, 10 whereby they can grow any number of trees that will bear the same kind of fruit without varying, as would naturally happen if the trees were grown from seed. These methods of propagating trees depend upon the fact that every perfect bud on a 15 tree is capable, under favorable conditions, of producing another branch, or, indeed, a whole tree of the same kind as that on which it grew.

"The McIntosh in our garden is a budded tree, which was obtained from Mr. Smith's nursery, 20 where he grows thousands of other trees just like it. In growing these trees Mr. Smith had, in long rows in the nursery, thousands of little seedling apple trees (that is, little trees grown from apple seeds), which, if allowed to grow naturally, would, 25 he knew, bear a great variety of mostly inferior

fruit; but he had heard of the unusual excellence of the McIntosh apple, and intended to make all these seedling trees bear McIntosh apples; so he wrote to Mr. McIntosh and asked him to send him 5 all the young shoots he could spare from his McIntosh tree.

From these shoots, which were obtained in July, Mr. Smith's men proceeded to bud the seedling



trees in the nursery rows. The bark on each little 10 tree was cut open near the ground and one of the McIntosh buds was put in and bound firmly in place. At the end of the season the bud showed by its plumpness that it had been adopted and

nourished by its foster parent, and to all appearances it was much the same as any of the other buds, except for the scar around it, showing where it had been inserted.

“Early the next spring, each seedling tree was 5 cut off just above the McIntosh bud, which was thus suddenly given the responsibility of making a new top for the tree, and that is just what each little McIntosh bud did. In three years each had made a tree big enough to be sold for transplanting; and that year they were all taken up and sent to purchasers throughout the country.

“In grandpa’s orchard you may have noticed that the tree which bears the McIntosh apples bears also a few yellow apples.” 15

“Yes; Talman Sweets,” said Gordon.

“Well, that tree once bore all Talmans; but one spring grandpa cut off most of its branches and grafted into the stubs left a few scions, or bits of twigs, from a McIntosh tree. These scions united 20 with the growing part of the Talman tree and produced large branches which bear the McIntosh apples, while the branches which were not grafted still bear Talman Sweet apples.

“By grafting into a large, bearing tree in this 25 way grandpa’s tree was bearing McIntosh apples

in three or four years; whereas our tree, being a young one, was nearly twice as old as that before it had apples on it.

“From the story of this apple you have learned  
5 how new varieties of fruits sometimes originate. Those found in this way are said to be of chance origin. All, however, do not originate by chance. Some are the result of careful and patient work on the part of men who not only gather and plant  
10 the seed but also contrive to have the new kind combine the good qualities of the other varieties. Next spring, when the trees are in bloom, I will show you how this may be done.

“If you would like to try what you can do at  
15 such work, you may begin next year by planting a row of apple seeds in the garden; and when the little trees are big enough, I’ll show you how to bud them, or how they may be made to bear fruit in two or three years by grafting them into a bearing tree. How many of you would like to try it?”

“I,” “I,” “I,” they all shouted; so we began operations at once by eating all the apples in the dish, to get the seeds for next spring’s planting.

**espied:** saw.—**propagating:** causing to spread.—**foster parent:** adopted parent.



## THE FIELD OF THE SLUGGARD

THE BIBLE

I went by the field of the sluggard,  
 And by the vineyard of the man void of understanding ;  
     And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns,  
     The face thereof was covered with nettles,  
     And the stone wall thereof was broken down. 5  
 Then I beheld, and considered well,  
 I saw, and received instruction :  
 “ Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,  
 A little folding of the hands to sleep ” —  
 So shall thy poverty come as a robber,  
 And thy want as an armed man.

## THE RABBI AND THE DIADEM

## THE TALMUD

NOTE. The Talmud was a sacred book of the Hebrews.

Great was the alarm in the palace of Rome, an alarm which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem  
5 and it could not be found. Her servants searched in every direction, but the search was all in vain. Half distracted, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result. As a last resource it was proclaimed in  
10 the public streets : "The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head."

15 In those times all nationalities flocked toward Rome ; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls and crowded thoroughfares. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learned sage from the East, who loved goodness and lived a righteous life in  
20 the stir and turmoil of the Western world. It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky,

he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, and took it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired.

He then proceeded to the palace and, undismayed at the sight of long lines of soldiers and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.<sup>5</sup>

“What dost thou mean by this?” she inquired, when he had told her his story and had given her the diadem. “Why didst thou delay until this hour?<sup>10</sup> Dost thou know the penalty? Thy head must be forfeited.”

“I delayed until now,” the rabbi answered calmly, “so that thou mightest know that I return thy diadem not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment, but solely to comply with the Divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him.”<sup>15</sup>

“Blessed be thy God!” the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof;<sup>20</sup> for had he not done right for right’s sake?

From the translation of A. S. Isaacs

**rabbi:** a Jewish priest. — **sage:** a wise man. — **turmoil:** trouble.

## THE MEADOW BROOK

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886), an American poet, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. His family was one of the most distinguished of the state. His father, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, died when the poet was still an infant, 5 and the child became the ward of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, the brilliant orator.

Hayne was graduated with distinction from Charleston College. Like many others he studied law only to give it up for letters. He found in his native city a group of literary men. 10 Among these were William Gilmore Simms, the novelist, and Henry Timrod, the poet, who became Hayne's life-long friend.

The young poet began his career by contributions to periodicals. He soon became a favorite contributor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. When the Charleston group of book lovers 15 started *Russell's Magazine*, Hayne was selected to edit it.

When the Civil War opened Hayne, although a delicate man, volunteered and was assigned to duty on Governor Pickens's staff. Ill health, however, forced him to resign, and he again betook himself to poetry.

20 His home in Charleston was burned during the bombardment, his ample fortune was swept away, and, at the close of the war, he found himself homeless and well-nigh penniless. He retired to the sand hills and built a plain cottage not far from Augusta, Georgia. In this simple home, on a desk made from a carpenter's workbench, he wrote his later poems.

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,  
Over ledge and stone;  
How I'm going, flowing,  
Westward, all alone;

All alone, but happy,  
 Happy and hale am I,  
 Clasped by the emerald meadows,  
 Flushed by the golden sky.

No kindred brook is calling, 5  
 To woo these tides in glee ;  
 I hear no neighboring voices  
 Of inland rill or sea ;  
 But the sedges thrill above me,  
 And where I blithely pass, 10  
 Coy winds, like nymphs in ambush,  
 Seem whispering through the grass.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle ;  
 Hark ! the tiny swell  
 Of wavelets softly, silverly 15  
 Toned like a fairy bell,  
 Whose every note, dropped sweetly  
 In mellowed glamour round,  
 Echo hath caught and harvested  
 In airy sheaves of sound ! 20

**hale**: well, healthy.—**blithely**: happily.—**glamour**: magic spell.

## THE FARMER'S LIFE

JOHN BURROUGHS

• JOHN BURROUGHS (1837- ), an American naturalist and author, was born in Roxbury, New York. He has filled various government positions,—clerk in the Treasury Department, receiver for a national bank, national bank examiner. In 1874 he  
5 made his home on a fruit farm at Esopus, New York. He now divides his time between raising fruit and writing books.

He is an untiring observer of out-of-door life, and his books, fresh and original in thought and sprightly in style, have had a deserved popularity.

10 It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to  
15 find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources, he has,—his friendships  
20 with his cattle, his team, his dogs, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his coöperation with the cloud, the sun, the seasons,

heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various distempers, which the city and artificial life breed, out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon a farm. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done.

“Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

“For riches are not for ever; and doth the crown endure to every generation?

“The hay appeareth, and the tender grass sheweth itself, and herbs of the mountains are gathered.

“The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field.

“And thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the maintenance of thy maidens.”

**sane**: sound, healthy. — **quickening**: making alive. — **radiate**: send out, give forth.

## THE HERO

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD (1858— ), poet and teacher, was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, but was reared in Alamance County. After completing his high-school course he passed to the University of North Carolina.

5 Mr. Stockard now holds the chair of English in Peace Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina. He has contributed poems to many American periodicals, and his single volume, *Fugitive Lines*, has had a good circulation.

To be a hero must you do some deed

10 With which your name shall ring the world around ?

With blade uplifted must you dare to lead

Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned ?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,

And chart the Arctic's silent realms and gray ?

15 Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales  
Of undiscovered lands ? I tell you, Nay !

Who is earth's greatest hero ? He that bears,

Deep buried in his kingly heart, his lot

Of suffering ; and, if need be, he that dares

20 Lay down his life for right, and falters not !

pales : bounds or limits.

## THE HERDSMAN'S SONG

JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

SCHILLER (1759-1805) was a German poetical genius. He was the son of an overseer of nurseries on the estate of the Duke of Würtemberg, and was educated through the kindness of the duke. After being graduated as a military surgeon, he left his profession to give his life to poetry. In later life Schiller and 5 the great Goethe were warm friends.

Ye meadows, farewell !  
Ye sunniest pastures,  
The herdsman must leave you,  
The summer is gone.

10

We go from the hills, we come ere long  
When the cuckoo calls and the sound of song ;  
When the earth with blossoms again is gay,  
When the fountains gush in the lovely May.

Ye meadows, farewell !  
Ye sunniest pastures,  
The herdsman must leave you,  
The summer is gone.

15

THE BATTLE IN THE DARK<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON (1839— ) was born in Indiana. He was educated at Richmond College, Virginia, and at the University of Virginia. He studied and practiced law in Richmond. In the Civil War he served on the Southern side. At the close of 5 the war he removed to Cairo, Illinois, and resumed the practice of law. In 1870 he made his home in New York and became an editor. Mr. Eggleston has written many entertaining books for young people.

When the British succeeded in taking Lieutenant Jones's little gunboats and making a landing they supposed that the hardest part of their work was done. It was not far from their landing place to New Orleans, and there was nothing in their way. Their army numbered nearly twenty thousand men, and they were the best soldiers that England had. Many of them were Wellington's veterans. It seemed certain that such an army could march into New Orleans with very little trouble indeed, and everybody on both sides thought 15 so,—that is to say, everybody but General Jackson, the American commander.

On the 23d of December, 1814, the British arrived at a point a few miles below the city and

<sup>1</sup> From *Strange Stories from American History*. Copyright, 1903. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

went into camp about noon. As soon as Jackson heard of their arrival he said to the people around him, "Gentlemen, the British are below ; we must fight them to-night."

He immediately ordered his troops forward. He had made a soldier of everybody who could carry a gun, and his little army was a curiously mixed collection of men. There were a few regulars in uniform ; there were some Mississippi troopers, and Coffee's Kentucky and Tennessee hunters in hunting shirts and jean trousers ; there were volunteers of all sorts from the streets of New Orleans, — merchants, lawyers, laborers, clerks, and clergymen, — armed with rifles and old muskets ; there were some criminals whom Jackson had released from prison on condition that they would fight ; there was a battalion of free negroes, and, finally, there were about twenty Choctaw Indians.

With this mixed crowd Jackson had to fight the very best troops in the British army. Only about half of his men had ever heard a bullet whistle, and less than half of them were drilled and disciplined ; but they were brave men who believed in their general, and they were about to fight for their country as brave men should. When all were counted — backwoodsmen, regulars, city

volunteers, negroes, Indians, and all—the whole army numbered only 2131 men! But, weak as this force was, Jackson had made up his mind to fight with it. He knew that the British were too strong for him, but he knew too that every day would make them stronger.

The British camp was nine miles below the city, on a narrow strip of land between the river and a swamp. Jackson sent a gunboat, the *Carolina*, down the river, with orders to anchor in front of the camp and pour a fire of grapeshot into it. He sent Coffee across to the swamp and ordered him to creep through the bushes, and thus get upon the right flank of the British. He kept the rest of his army under his own command, ready to advance from the front upon the enemy's position.

But no attack was to be made until after dark. The army was kept well out of sight and the British had no suspicion that any attack was thought of. They did not regard Jackson's men as soldiers at all, and the most they expected such a mob to do was to wait somewhere below the city until the British soldiers should get ready to drive them away with a few volleys.

So the British lighted their camp fires, stacked their arms for the night, and cooked their suppers.



They meant to stay where they were for a day or two until the rest of their force could come up, and then they expected to march into the town and make themselves at home.

5 Night came on, and it was exceedingly dark. At half past seven o'clock there came a flash and a roar. The *Carolina*, lying in the river within a few hundred yards of the camp, had begun to pour her broadsides into the British quarters. Her canon  
10 non vomited fire and sent a hailstorm of grape-shot into the camp, while the marines on board kept up a steady fire of small arms.

The British were completely surprised, but they were not to be scared by a surprise. They quickly  
15 formed a line on the bank and, bringing up some cannon, gave battle to the saucy gunboat.

For ten minutes this fight went on between the Americans on the river and the British on shore; then Jackson ordered his troops to advance. His  
20 columns rushed forward and fell upon the enemy, surprising them and forcing them to fight on two sides at once. Coffee, who was hidden over in the swamp, no sooner heard the roar of the *Carolina's* guns than he gave the word to advance, and, rushing  
25 out of the bushes, his rough hunters attacked still another side of the enemy's position.

Still the sturdy British held their ground and fought like the brave men and good soldiers that they were. It was too dark for anybody to see clearly what was going on. The lines on both sides were soon broken up into independent groups 5 of soldiers, who could not see in what direction they were marching. Regiments and battalions wandered about at their own discretion, fighting whatever bodies of the enemy they met, and sometimes getting hopelessly entangled with each other. 10 Never was there so complete a jumble on a battle-field. Whenever two bodies of troops met they had to call out to each other to find out whether they were friends or foes; then, if one body proved to be Americans and the other British, they delivered 15 a volley and rushed upon each other in a desperate struggle for mastery.

Sometimes a regiment would win success in one direction, and just as its enemy on that side was driven back it would be attacked from the opposite quarter. Coffee's men were armed with squirrel rifles, which, of course, had no bayonets; but the men had long hunting knives, and with no better weapons than these they did not hesitate to make charge after charge upon the lines of 25 bayonets.

The British suffered terribly from the first, but their steadiness was never lost for a moment. The mad onset of the Americans broke their lines, and in the darkness it was impossible to form them again 5 promptly; but still the men kept up the fight, while the officers, as rapidly as they could, directed their detached columns toward protected positions.

Retreating slowly and in as good order as they could, the British got beyond the range of the 10 *Carolina's* guns by nine o'clock, and, finding a position where a bank of earth served for a breast-work, they made a final stand there. It was impossible to drive them from such a position, and so, little by little, the Americans withdrew, and at ten 15 o'clock the Battle in the Dark was at an end.

Now let us see what Jackson had gained or lost by this hasty attack. The British were still in a position to threaten New Orleans, and the rest of their large army was hurrying forward to help 20 them. They had lost a great many more men than Jackson had, but they could spare men better than he could. Still the attack was equal to a victory for the Americans. It is almost certain that if Jackson had waited another day before fighting he would 25 have lost New Orleans and the whole Southwest would have been overrun.

But by making this night attack he showed the British that he could and would fight ; and they, finding what kind of a defense he meant to make, made up their minds to move slowly and cautiously. They waited for the rest of their force to come up, and when they made their grand attack on the 8th of January, 1815, they found Jackson ready for them. His army was increased, his men were full of confidence, and, best of all, he had a line of strong earthworks. It is commonly said that his fortifications were made of cotton bales, but that is an error. When he first began to fortify he used some cotton bales and some sugar, which, it was thought, would do instead of sand ; but in the early skirmishes it was found that the sugar would not stop cannon balls, while the cotton was worse because it took fire and nearly suffocated the men behind it with smoke. The cotton and sugar were at once thrown aside and the battle of New Orleans was fought behind earthworks. In that battle the British were so badly worsted that they gave up all idea of taking New Orleans, which, a month before, they had believed it would be so easy to capture.

**battalion**: a battalion at that time was usually made up of two or more companies.—**grapeshot**: small iron balls used in smooth-bore cannon.—**marines**: sea soldiers.

## THE CHILDREN

BENJAMIN SLEDD

BENJAMIN SLEDD (1864— ), poet and teacher, was born in Bedford County, Virginia. After being graduated at Washington and Lee University, he took post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University.

- 5 Since 1888 he has been professor of English in Wake Forest College, North Carolina. He has published two volumes of verse, *From Cliff and Scaur* and *Watchers of the Hearth*.

No more of work ! Yet ere I seek my bed,  
Noiseless into the children's room I go,  
10 With its four little couches all a-row,  
And bend a moment over each dear head.

Those soft, round arms upon the pillow spread,  
Those dreaming lips babbling more than we  
know,  
One tearful, smothered sigh of baby woe —  
15 Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid !

And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay  
With tremulous rapture grown almost to pain,  
Close at my side I hear a whispered name : —  
Our long-lost babe, who with the dawning came,  
20 And in the midnight went from us again.  
And with bowed head, one good-night more I say.

## THE STORY OF THE CABLE

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS (1817-1881), publisher, editor, and author, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He succeeded James Russell Lowell as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862.

His home was long a gathering place for literary men. There Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, and others engaged in wit combats that almost rivaled those of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and their merry friends at the old Mermaid Tavern in London. 5

There is a faith so expansive and a hope so elastic that a man having them will keep on believing 10 and hoping till all danger is passed and victory is sure. When I talk across an ocean three thousand miles, with my friends on the other side of it, and feel that I may know any hour of the day if all goes well with them, I think with gratitude of the 15 immense energy and perseverance of that one man, Cyrus W. Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting communication, second only in importance to the discovery of this country. The story of his patient striving during all that stormy 20 period is one of the noblest records of American enterprise, and only his own family know the whole of it. It was a long, hard struggle. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil!

Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic, and when everything looked darkest for his enterprise his courage never flagged for an instant. He must have suffered privations and dangers manifold. Think of him in those gloomy periods pacing the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn. I saw him in 1858, immediately after the first cable had ceased to throb. Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious workings of those flashing wires, and when they stopped speaking the reaction was intense. Stockholders, as well as the public generally, grew exasperated and suspicious; unbelievers sneered at the whole project, and called the scheme a hoax from the beginning. They declared that never a message had passed through the unresponsive wires, and that Cyrus Field was a liar. The odium cast upon him was boundless. He was the butt and the byword of his time.

It was at this moment I saw him, and I well remember in what a cowardly manner I acted and how courageous he appeared. I had scarcely dared to face the man who had encountered such an

overwhelming disappointment, and who was suffering such a terrible disgrace. But when we met, and I saw how he rose to the occasion, and did not abate one jot of heart or hope, I felt that this man



was indeed master of the situation, and would yet silence the hosts of doubters who were thrusting their darts into his sensitive spirit. Eight years more he endured the odium of failure, but still kept plowing across the Atlantic, flying from city

to city, soliciting capital, holding meetings, and forcing down the most colossal discouragement.

At last day dawned again and another cable was paid out, this time from the deck of the *Great Eastern*.<sup>5</sup> Twelve hundred miles of it were laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze then springing up, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off and plunged into the sea.

<sup>10</sup> Says the published account of this great disaster : “ Mr. Field came from the companion way into the saloon, and observed with admirable composure, though his lip quivered and his cheek was white, ‘ The cable has parted, and has gone from the reel,<sup>15</sup> overboard.’ ” Nine days and nights they dragged the bottom of the sea for this lost treasure, and though they grappled it three times, they could not bring it to the surface.

In that most eloquent speech made by Mr. Field <sup>20</sup> at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in New York, one of the most touching recitals on record, he said : “ We returned to England defeated, but full of resolution to begin the battle anew.” And this time his energy was greater even than before. In <sup>25</sup> five months another cable was shipped on board the *Great Eastern*, and this time, by the blessing of

Heaven, the wires were stretched unharmed from continent to continent. Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search, in four ships, for the lost cable. In the bow of one of these vessels stood Cyrus Field, day and night, in storm and fog, squall and calm, intently watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep.

At length, on the last night of August, a little before midnight, the spirit of this brave man was rewarded. I shall here quote his own words, as none others could possibly convey so well the thrilling interest of that hour. He says: "All felt as if life and death hung on that issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electrician's room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and the flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats

on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six  
5 hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electrician's room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to  
10 me in mid-ocean, telling me that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope."

15 And now, after all these thirteen years of almost superhuman struggle, and that one moment of almost superhuman victory, I think that it is safe to include Cyrus W. Field among the masters of the situation.

**expansive**: given to spreading.—**enthusiast**: one devoted to an idea.—**reaction**: action in a contrary way.—**exasperated**: provoked.—**odium**: hatred.—**paid out**: allowed to run out.—**grapnel**: an anchor with several claws.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) is perhaps the poet of America with whom our young people are most familiar. He is often called the Children's Poet.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, and was graduated from Bowdoin College. Immediately after his graduation, he 5 was offered the chair of modern languages in his alma mater. Accepting the offer, he went abroad for two years to fit himself for the duties he was to undertake. He studied in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Returning to America in 1829, he entered upon his duties at Bowdoin. Although he was a studious and 10 hard-working professor, he found time for literary work, contributing to the *North American Review* and other periodicals. This began his poetic career.

In 1835 he was elected to the chair of modern languages in Harvard University, but before taking up his new work he again 15 went to Europe to study German and the Scandinavian languages. In 1836 he began his professorial duties at Harvard and continued there until 1854. He then resigned and gave all his time to literary pursuits.

Longfellow's life was singularly pure and gentle. At his home 20 in the old Craigie House, once used as headquarters for General Washington, all comers were sure of a courteous and friendly welcome. Among his friends were Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, Prescott, Hawthorne, Ticknor, Sparks, and many others prominent in their day.

25

As a child he was gentle, straightforward, truthful, and beautiful of soul; when he became a man these same qualities were the groundwork of his character. "The key to his character," writes his brother, "was sympathy. This made him the gentle and courteous receiver of every visitor, however obscure, 30

however tedious ; the ready responder to every appeal to his pity or his purse. . . . This gave to his poetry the human element which made in thousands of hearts in many lands a shrine of reverence and affection for his name." Among his longer poems 5 are *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

10

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

15

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

20

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.



And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
5 Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
10 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
15 Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
20 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## THREE FAMOUS LEGENDS

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER (1838-1902), who has retold these famous legends, was born in Boston and educated at Williams College. He taught school for some years in New York City. On his father's death he returned to Boston and became a writer. In 1867 he was editor of the *Riverside Magazine for Young People*. In 1890 he followed Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.<sup>5</sup>

Scudder's *Seven Little People and Their Friends*, *Dream Children*, *Stories from My Attic*, *The Children's Book*, and *The Bodley Books* all appeal to children.

## I. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

In the country of Libya in Asia Minor there was a town called Silene, and near the town was a pond that was the roving place of a monster dragon. Many times had great armies been sent to slay him, but never had they been able to overcome him. Instead, he had driven them back to the walls of the city.<sup>15</sup>

Whenever this dragon drew near the city walls his breath was so full of poison that it caused the death of all who were within reach of it; and so, to save the city, it was the custom to throw each day two sheep to feed the dragon and satisfy his hunger. So it went on until not a sheep was left, and not one could be found in the neighborhood.

Then the people took counsel and drew lots, and each day a man or a woman and one of their cattle were given to the dragon, so that he might not destroy the city. Rich or poor, high or low, some one 5 must each day be sacrificed to the dreadful dragon.

Now it came to pass one day that the princess herself was drawn by lot. The king was filled with horror. He offered in exchange his gold, his silver, and half his realm if she might but be spared. All 10 he could obtain was a respite of eight days in which to mourn the fate of the girl.

At the end of that time the people came to the palace and said : "Why do you spare your daughter and kill your subjects ? Every day we are slain by 15 the breath of the monster." So the king knew he must part with his daughter. He dressed her in her richest apparel, and kissed her, and said : "Ah, my dearest daughter ! I had thought to die and leave you happy. I hoped to have invited princes 20 to your wedding, and to have had music and dancing. I hoped to see your children, and now I must send you to the dragon."

The princess wept and clung to her father and begged him to bless her. So he did, weeping 25 bitterly, and she left him and went, like those before her, to the lake where the dragon dwelt.



Now these people of Libya were heathen; but in Cappadocia, not far away, was a Christian named George, and this George was a young man of noble bearing. He heard in a vision that he was to go to Libya, and so he rode his horse toward that city, 5 and he was hard by the lake when he saw the

princess standing alone, weeping bitterly. He asked her why she wept and she only said : "Good youth, mount your horse again and flee, lest you perish with me."

5 But George said to her: "Do not fear. Tell me what you await and why the vast crowd yonder are watching you."

Again she begged him to flee.

"You have a kind and noble heart, sir, I perceive," said she; "yet flee, and at once."

"Not so," said George; "I will first hear your tale."

Then she told him all.

"Be of good courage," said he. "It was for this  
15 I was sent."

"Do not, brave knight, seek to die with me. It is enough that I should perish. You can neither save me nor yourself from this terrible dragon."

At that moment the dragon rose with a great bellowing from the lake. "Fly! fly!" said the trembling princess. "Fly, sir knight!"

But George, nothing daunted, made the sign of the cross and went forward boldly to meet the dragon, commanding himself to God. He raised 25 his spear and flung it with all his force at the neck of the monster. So surely did the spear fly that it

pierced the neck and pinned the dragon to the ground.

Then he bade the princess take her girdle and pass it round the spear, and fear nothing. She did so, and the dragon rose and followed her like a docile hound. George led his horse and walked beside her, and thus they entered the city. The people began to flee when they saw the dread beast, but George stayed them.

"Fear not," said he. "This monster can no longer harm you. The Lord sent me to deliver you." And so the multitude followed, and they came before the palace where the king sat sorrowing. And when the king heard the mighty rejoicing he came forth and saw his beloved daughter safe, with the dragon at her heels.

Then George took his sword and smote off the dragon's head, and all the people hailed him as their deliverer. But George bade them give glory to the Lord; and he remained and taught them the new faith, so that the king and the princess and all the people were baptized. And when George died he was called St. George, and it fell out finally that he became the patron saint of merry England.

**respite**: delay. — **apparel**: dress. — **docile**: easily managed. — **hailed**: welcomed.

## II. THE BELL OF JUSTICE

A Roman emperor had the ill fortune to lose his sight. He wished that his people might not be the worse for this loss; so he hung a bell in his palace, and a law was made that any one who  
5 had a wrong to be righted must pull the rope with his own hands and thus ring the bell. When the bell rung a judge went down to hear the complaint and righted the wrong.

It chanced that a serpent had its home under  
10 the end of the bell rope. Here it brought forth its young, and one day when the little serpents could leave the place it led them out for fresh air. While they were gone a toad came and took a fancy to the place. Nor would he go away when  
15 the serpent came back.

The serpent could not drive the toad out, so it coiled its tail about the bell rope and rang the bell of justice. Down came the judge, but saw nobody and went back. Again the serpent rang  
20 the bell in the same way.

This time the judge looked about with the greatest care and at last espied the serpent and the toad. He went back to the emperor and told him what he had seen.

"It is very clear," said the emperor, "that the toad is in the wrong. Go down, drive out the toad, kill it, and let the serpent have its place again."

All this was done. Now, not many days after, as the emperor lay in his bed, the serpent came <sup>5</sup> into the room, and toward the emperor's bed. The servants were about to drive the serpent away, but the emperor forbade them.

"It will do me no harm," said he. "I have been just to it. Let us see what it will do." <sup>10</sup>

At that the serpent glided up the bed and laid a precious stone, which it carried in its mouth, upon the emperor's eyes. Then it slipped out of the room and no one saw it again. But no sooner had the stone lain on the eyes of the emperor than <sup>15</sup> his sight was restored and he could see as well as other men.

### III. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Once upon a time a Dutch ship set sail from the East Indies to return to Holland. The Dutch had rich lands in the East Indies, and many a <sup>20</sup> poor lad went out from Holland before the mast and landed at Java, it may be, and there settled himself and grew rich.

Such a one was a certain Diedrich, who had no father or mother living, and was left to shift for himself. When he came to Java he was bound out to a rich planter; and he worked so hard and  
5 so faithfully that it was not long before he was free and his own master. Little by little he saved his money, and as he was very careful it was not many years before he was very rich indeed.

Now all these years Diedrich had never forgotten  
10 what a hard time he had had when he was a boy; and at last, when he was a man grown and had his fortune, he resolved to carry out a plan which he had made. He sold his lands and houses which he owned in Java, and all his goods, and took the  
15 money he received in bags aboard a ship which was to return to Holland.

He was the only passenger on board, but he was a friendly man and soon was on good terms with the captain and all the crew. One day, as the ship  
20 drew near the Cape of Good Hope, Diedrich was sitting by the captain, and they each fell to talking about their early life.

“And what,” said Diedrich to the captain, “do you mean to do when you make a few more voyages and have saved up money enough not to need to go to sea any more?”

"I know well," said the captain, as he pulled away at his pipe. "There is a little house I know by a canal just outside of Amsterdam. I mean to buy that house; and I will have a summerhouse in the garden, and there I will sit all day long 5 smoking my pipe, while my wife sits by my side and knits, and the children play in the garden."

"Then you have children?"

"That I have," said the captain, and he went on to name them, and to tell how old each one 10 was and how bright they were. It was good to hear him, for he was a simple man, and cared for nothing so much as his wife and little ones.

"And what," at last the captain said to Diedrich, "shall you do?" 15

"Ah, I have no wife or children, and there is no one in all Holland who will be glad to see me come home." Then he told of what a hard time he had when he was a youngster, and at last, as the darkness grew deeper, and he sat there alone 20 with the captain, he suddenly told him his plan.

"I have made a great deal of money," said he, "which you know I am carrying home with me. I will tell you what I am going to do with it. There are a great many poor children in Amster- 25 dam who have no home. I am going to build a

great house and live in it, and I am going to have the biggest family of any one in Amsterdam. I shall take the poorest and most miserable children in the city, and they shall be my sons and  
5 daughters."

"And you shall bring them out to my house," said the captain, "and your children and mine shall play together." So they talked and talked, until at last it was very late, and they went to their  
10 cabins for the night.

Now while they were talking the man at the wheel listened; and as he heard of the gold that Diedrich was carrying home, his evil heart began to covet it. As he steered the ship, and after his  
15 turn was over, he thought and thought how he could get that gold. He knew it would be impossible for him alone to seize it, and so he whispered about it to one and another of the sailors.

The crew had been got together hastily. There  
20 was not one Dutchman among them, and there was not one of the crew who had not committed some crime. They were wicked men, and when the sailor told them of the gold that was on board they were ready for anything.

25 The ship drew nearer the Cape of Good Hope, and the captain walked the deck with Diedrich,

and they both talked of the Holland to which they were going, when suddenly they were seized from behind and tightly bound. At the same instant the officers of the ship, the mate and the second mate, were seized, and now the ship was in the 5 hands of the mutinous crew.

These wicked men made short work. They threw the captain and Diedrich and the two mates, each bound hand and foot, into the sea. "Dead men tell no tales," said the man at the 10 wheel. Then they sailed for the nearest port. But as they sailed a horrible plague broke out on board. It was a plague which made the men crave water for their burning throats, and as they fought to get at the water casks they spilled all the water 15 they had.

There they were, in the midst of the salt sea, which only to look at made them wild with thirst. Though they feared what might befall them if they made for the land, they could not stand the 20 raging thirst and they steered for the nearest port.

But when they came into the port the people saw that they had the plague and they refused to let them land.

"We have great store of gold," the crew cried 25 with their parched mouths. "Only give us water!"

But the people drove them away. It was the same when they went to the next port, and the next. They turned back, away from their homeward voyage, to the ports of the East.

5 Then a great storm arose and they were driven far out to sea, and when the gale died down they steered again for the land. And when they drew near once more another gale sprang up, and they were driven hither and thither; and once more  
10 they were swept far away from the shore.

That was years and years ago. But when ships make the Cape of Good Hope, and are rounding it, through the fog and mist and darkness of the night they see a ghostly ship sailing, sailing, never  
15 reaching land, always beating up against the wind. Its sails are torn, the masts are bleached, and there are pale figures moving about on deck. Then the sailors whisper to each other, "Look! there is the *Flying Dutchman!*"

From *The Book of Legends*. Copyright, 1899. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

THE BOW OF EURYTUS<sup>1</sup>

JAMES BALDWIN

JAMES BALDWIN (1841— ), an American author, was born in Hamilton County, Indiana. He is largely self-educated. He taught school in his own county and became later superintendent of graded schools in Huntington and other cities. Attracted to New York, he was selected as one of the assistant editors of <sup>5</sup> *Harper's Magazine*.

He has written many books for young people, among which are *The Story of Siegfried*, *The Story of Roland*, *The Story of the Golden Age*, *Old Greek Stories*, *Old Stories from the East*, etc.



One evening there came to Pheræ a lordly <sup>10</sup> stranger, bringing with him a train of well-armed men and bearing a handsome present for Orsilochus. He was very tall and handsome; he stood erect as a mountain pine and his eyes flashed keen

<sup>1</sup> From *The Story of the Golden Age*. Copyright, 1888. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

and sharp as those of an eagle ; but his long white hair and frosted beard betokened a man of many years, and his furrowed brow showed plainly that he had not lived free from care.

5 "I am Iphitus of Æchalia," he said ; "and I am journeying to Lacedæmon where Tyndareus rules."

When Odysseus heard the name of Iphitus he remembered it as that of a dear friend of whom his father had often spoken ; and he asked : "Are 10 you that Iphitus who sailed with Jason to golden Colchis ? And do you remember among your comrades one Laertes of Ithaca ?"

"There is but one Iphitus," was the answer, "and I am he. Never can I forget the noble-  
15 hearted Laertes of Ithaca ; for on board the *Argo* he was my messmate, my bedfellow, my friend, my sworn brother. There is no man whom I love more dearly. Would that I could see him, or even know that he still lives."

20 When he learned that Odysseus was the son of his old-time friend he was overjoyed ; and he took him by the hand and wept for very gladness.

One day, as they were walking alone outside of the city walls, Iphitus said, "Do you see this noble  
25 bow which I carry, and which I always keep within easy reach ?"

"It would be hard not to see it," answered Odysseus, smiling; "for where you are there also is the bow. I have often wondered why you guard it with so great care."

"It is the bow of my father Eurytus," answered 5 the hero; "and, next to Apollo's silver weapon, it is the most wonderful ever made. Much grief has it brought upon our house; and yet it was not the bow, but my father's overweening pride, that wrought the mischief and caused me to go sorrow- 10 ing through life. Shall I finish my story by telling you how it all ended?"

"Tell me all," answered Odysseus.

"My father Eurytus, as I have said, was the king of the archers; for no man could draw an 15 arrow with so unerring aim as he, and no man could send it straight to the mark with a more deadly force. Every thought of his waking hours was upon his bow, and he aspired to excel even the archery of Artemis and Apollo. At length he 20 sent the following challenge into every city of Hellas:

*"Whosoever will excel Eurytus in shooting with the bow and arrows, let him come to Æchalia and try his skill. The prize to be given to him who 25 succeeds is Iole, the fair daughter of Eurytus."*

“Then there came to the contest great numbers of young men, the pride of Hellas. But when they saw this wonderful bow of Eurytus, and tried its strength, their hearts sank within them ; and 5 when they aimed their shafts at the target they shot far wide of the mark, and my father sent them home ashamed and without the prize.

“‘My dearest Iole,’ he would often say, ‘I am not afraid of losing you, for there lives no man 10 who knows the bow as well as I.’

“But by and by great Heracles heard of my father’s boast, and of the prize which he had offered.

“‘I will go down to Æchalia,’ said he, ‘and I 15 will win the fair Iole for my bride.’

“And when he came my father remembered how he had taught him archery in his youth ; and he felt that in his old pupil he had at last found a peer. Yet he would not cease his boasting. ‘If 20 the silver-bowed Apollo should come to try his skill, I would not fear to contend even with him.’

“Then the target was set up, so far away that it seemed as if one might as well shoot at the sun.

“‘Now, my good bow,’ said my father, ‘thou 25 hast never failed me ; do thou serve me better to-day than ever before !’



III

“He drew the strong cord back, bending the bow to its utmost tension; and then the swift arrow leaped from its place and sped like a beam of light straight towards the mark. But before it  
5 reached its goal the strength which my father’s arm had imparted to it began to fail; it wavered in the air, its point turned downward, and it struck the ground at the foot of the target.

“Then Heracles took up his bow and carelessly  
10 aimed a shaft at the distant mark. Like the lightning which Zeus hurls from the high clouds straight down upon the head of some lordly oak, so flashed the unfailing arrow through the intervening space, piercing the very center of the target.

15 “‘Lo, now, Eurytus, my old-time friend,’ said Heracles; ‘thou seest that I have won the victory over thee. Where now is the prize, even the lovely Iole, that was promised to him who could shoot better than thou?’

20 “But my father’s heart sank within him and shame and grief took mighty hold of him. And he sent Iole away in a swift-sailing ship, to the farther shores of the sea, and would not give her to Heracles as he had promised. Then the great  
25 hero turned him about in anger and went back to his home in Calydon, threatening vengeance upon

the house of Eurytus. I besought my father that he would remember his word, and would call Iole home again, and would send her to Heracles to be his bride. But he would not hearken, for the great sorrow which weighed upon him. He placed his matchless bow in my hands and bade me keep it until I should find a young hero worthy to bear it.

“‘It has served me well,’ he said, ‘but I shall never need it more.’ Then he bowed his head upon his hands, and when I looked again the life had gone from him. Some men say that Apollo, to punish him for his boasting, slew him with one of his silent arrows; others say that Heracles smote him because he refused to give to the victor the promised prize, even fair Iole, the idol of his heart. But I know that it was grief and shame, and neither Apollo nor Heracles, that brought death upon him.”

**betokened**: foreshowed. — **overweening**: too confident. — **peer**: equal. — **tension**: degree to which a thing may be drawn. — **intervening**: coming between. — **hearken**: listen.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was an American poet and journalist. He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts. His ancestors on both sides were among the Plymouth Pilgrims. He was reared in a home of respectable poverty, 5 attended the district school, studied Latin and Greek, spent a year at Williams College as a sophomore, and practiced law for several years. His greatest poem was written when he was a very young man. In 1825 he moved to New York and began the long editorial career that ended only with his death. For 10 fifty years he was a distinguished citizen of New York, and his paper, *The Evening Post*, took high rank among the journals of our country.

Among Bryant's poems will be found such universal favorites as *Thanatopsis*, with its calm view of death; *To a Waterfowl*, 15 with its simple faith in divine guidance; *A Forest Hymn*, with its breath of fresh woods; *Death of the Flowers*, with its nearness to nature; and the *Song of Marion's Men*, "in which one hears the very gallop" of those stout-hearted patriots.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
20 Our leader frank and bold ;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress tree ;  
25 We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,  
 Its glades of reedy grass,  
 Its safe and silent islands  
 Within the dark morass.



5  
 Woe to the English soldiery  
 That little dread us near !  
 On them shall light at midnight  
 A strange and sudden fear :  
 When, waking to their tents on fire,  
 They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
 Are beat to earth again ;

10

And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

5 Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil ;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
10 As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine top grieves,  
15 And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads —  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
20 'T is life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlight plains ;  
'T is life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.

A moment in the British camp —  
A moment — and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,

5

Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with Marion,

For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band,

With kindliest welcoming,

10

With smiles like those of summer,

And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,

And lay them down no more

Till we have driven the Briton

15

Forever from our shore.

**glade**: clear space in a forest. — **morass**: marsh. — **barbs**: a shortening of Barbary horses.

## THE SAVING OF NESTIE

IAN MACLAREN

IAN MACLAREN (1850— ) is the pen name of Rev. John Watson of Scotland. Dr. Watson became famous as a novelist by his clever *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. Since the success of that book the author has written many other stories in rapid succession. *The Saving of Nestie* is from his *Young Barbarians*.

In order that young people may have less difficulty in enjoying this story, the editors have taken the liberty of doing away with much of the dialect.

- 10 Mr. MacKinnon, nicknamed Bulldog by his pupils, used to promenade the empty schoolroom for ten minutes before the reassembling at two, and it was rare indeed that a boy was late. When one afternoon there were only nineteen present and forty-three absent, he could only look at Dowbiggin, and when that exemplary youth explained that the school had gone up to the top of the Meadow for a bath, and suggested they were still enjoying themselves, Bulldog was much lifted.
- 20 "Bathing is a healthy exercise, and excellent for the mind, but it's necessary to bring a glow to the skin afterwards, or there might be a chill"; and he searched out and felt a superior cane kept for the treatment of truants and other grievous offenders.

It was exactly 2.15 when the door opened and a procession of forty-two entered panting and breathless, headed by Duncan Robertson, who carried his head erect, with a light in his eye, and closed by Peter, whose hair was like unto that of a drowned rat. The nineteen could only smack their lips with expectation and indicate by signs the treat awaiting their comrades.

“I’ve had charge of the departments of writing, arithmetic, and mathematics in the Muirtown Seminary,” began Bulldog, “for fifty-five years last Martinmas, and near eighteen hundred laddies have passed through my hands. Some o’ them were good and some were bad,”—Mr. MacKinnon spoke with a judicial calmness that was awful,—“some were your grandfathers, some were your fathers; but such a set of impudent, brazen-faced little rascals—” Then his composure failed him as he looked at the benches. “What have you to say for yourselves, for it will be three weeks before I am over you all?”

For a while no one moved, and then Duncan Robertson rose in his place and made speech for his fellows like a gentleman’s son.

“We are sorry for being late, sir, but it was not our blame; we had been bathing in the golfers’

pool, and were dressing to run down to school in good time. Little Nestie—I mean Ernest Molyneux, sir—had stayed in a little longer, and some one cried, ‘Nestie’s drowning !’ and there the little 5 chap was, being carried away by the current.”

“ Is ‘Nestie’ — drowned ?” and they all noticed the break in Bulldog’s voice, and remembered that if he showed indulgence to any one it was to the little English lad that had appeared in Muirtown 10 life as one out of due place.

“ No, sir ; Nestie’s safe, and some women have taken him home ; but he was very nearly gone,” and Duncan was plainly shaken. “ He’s a good wee man, and — and it would have been terrible 15 to see him die before our eyes.”

“ Who saved Nestie ?” Bulldog’s face was white, and Jock declared afterwards that tears were in his eyes — but that we did not believe.

“ It was one of the boys, sir,” — Robertson’s 20 voice was very proud,— “ and it was a gallant deed ; but I can’t give his name, because he made me promise not to tell.”

The master looked around the school, and there was a flush on his cheek.

25 “ John Howieson,” with a voice that knew no refusal ; and Jock stood in his place.

"Give me the laddie's name who saved Nestie."

"It was Speug, sir, and — it was grand ; but I would not have told had you not asked me, and



— it's not my blame"; and Jock cast a glance where Peter was at that instant striving to hide himself behind a slate.

"Peter McGuffie, come out this moment"; and Peter, who had obeyed this order in other circumstances with an immovable countenance, now presented the face of one who had broken a till. 10

"Tell the story, Duncan Robertson, every word of it, that each laddie in this room may remember it as long as he lives."

“We had nearly all dressed, and some of us had started for school—and when I got back McGuffie had jumped and was out in the current waiting for Nestie to come up. We saw his face at 5 last, white on the water, and shouted to Peter, and—he had him in a minute and made for shore; grand swimming, sir; not one of us could have done it except himself. A salmon fisher showed us how to rub Nestie till he came round, 10 and—he smiled at us and said, ‘I’m all right; sorry to trouble you chaps.’ Then we ran for school as hard as we could, and—that’s all, sir.”

“You are not truth-telling, Duncan Robertson,” suddenly broke out Speug, goaded beyond endurance; “you helped out Nestie yourself, and you’re 15—as much to blame as I am.”

“All I did, sir”—and Robertson’s face was burning red,—“was to meet Peter and take Nestie off his hands quite near the bank; he had the 20 danger; I—did nothing—was too late, in fact, to be of use.”

Speug might have replied to this barefaced attempt at getting out of trouble, but Bulldog was himself again and gripped the reins of authority. 25 “Silence!” and his emotion found vent in thunder; “no arguing in my presence. You’re an

impudent fellow, Peter McGuffie, and have been all your days the most troublesome, mischievous, upsetting laddie in Muirtown School.

“ You have fought with your fists, you have fought with snowballs ; you have played truant 5 times without number ; and as for your tricks in school, they’re beyond knowledge. And now you must needs put a cap on the concern with this business !

“ There’s no use denying it, Peter, for the evi- 10 dence is plain ” — and now Bulldog began to speak with great deliberation. “ You saw a little laddie out of his depth and likely to be drowned.” (Peter dared not lift his head this time ; it was going to be a bad case.) 15

“ You might have given the alarm and got the salmon fishers, but, instead of acting like any quiet, decent, well-brought-up laddie, and walking down to the school in time for the geometry ” (the school believed that the master’s eye rested on William 20 Dowbiggin), “ you jumped, clothes and all, into the Tay.” (There was no redeeming feature, and Peter’s expression was hopeless.)

“ Nor was that all. The wicked spirit that’s in you, Peter McGuffie, made you swim out where the 25 river was running strongest and an able-bodied

man would not care to go. And for what did you forget yourself and risk your life?" But for the first time there was no bravery left in Peter to answer; his wickedness was beyond excuse, as he  
5 now felt.

"Just to save an orphan laddie from a watery death. And you did it, Peter; and it—beats everything that you have done since you came into Muirtown Academy! As for you, Duncan Robertson,  
10 son, you may say what you like, but it's my opinion that you are not one grain better. Peter got in first, for he's a perfect genius for mischief,—he's forever on the spot,—but you were after him as soon as you could." It was clear now that Duncan  
15 was in the same condemnation and would share the same reward; whereat Peter's heart was lifted, for Robertson's treachery cried to Heaven for judgment.

"Boys of Muirtown, do you see those tablets?" and Bulldog pointed to the lists in gold of the  
20 former pupils who had distinguished themselves over the world,—prizemen, soldiers, travelers, writers, preachers, lawyers, doctors. "It's a grand roll, and an honor to have a place in it, and there are two new names to be added.

25 "Laddies"—and Bulldog came down from his desk and stood opposite the culprits, whose one

wish was that the floor might open beneath them and swallow them up — “you are the sons of men, and I knew you had the beginnings of men in you. I am proud — to shake hands with you, and to be — your master. Be off this instant! run like mad 5 to your homes and change your clothes, and be back inside half an hour, or it will be the worse for you! And, look ye here, I would like to know — how Nestie is.”

His walk through the room was always full of 10 majesty, but on that day it passed imagination, and from time to time he could be heard saying: “A pair of young rascals! Men of their hands, though, men of their hands! Their fathers’ sons! Well done, Peter!” To which the benches listened 15 with awe, for never had they known Bulldog after this fashion.

When the school assembled next Monday morning the boys read in fresh, shining letters:

PETER McGUFFIE

20

AND

DUNCAN R. S. ROBERTSON

WHO AT THE RISK OF THEIR OWN LIVES  
SAVED A SCHOOLFELLOW FROM DROWNING

**exemplary**: well behaved.—**Martinmas**: the feast of St. Martin, on the 11th of November.—**goaded**: tortured.

## THE GRAPEVINE SWING

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK (1853— ), physician and author, was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He was graduated from the University of Alabama in 1876, and then studied medicine at Bellevue Medical College in New York. He is the author of many pieces of fiction and several volumes of verse.

- When I was a boy on the old plantation,  
Down by the deep bayou —  
The fairest spot of all creation  
Under the arching blue —
- 10 When the wind came over the cotton and corn,  
To the long slim loop I'd spring  
With brown feet bare and hat-brim torn,  
And swing in the grapevine swing.
- Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
15 Laughing where the wild birds sing,  
I dream and I sigh  
For the days gone by,  
Swinging in the grapevine swing.
- Out — o'er the water-lilies, bonnie and bright,  
20 Back — to the moss-grown trees,  
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light  
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.

The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee ;  
 I longed for no angel's wing ;  
 I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,  
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
 Laughing where the wild birds sing,  
 Oh to be a boy  
 With a heart full of joy,  
 Swinging in the grapevine swing !

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,  
 I'm fretted and sore of heart,  
 And care is sowing my locks with white  
 As I wend through the fevered mart ;  
 I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,  
 And fame seems a worthless thing.  
 I'd barter it all for one day's romp,  
 And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,  
 Laughing where the wild birds sing,  
 I would I were away  
 From the world to-day,  
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

**bayou** : an inlet of water from a gulf or lake. — **bonnie** : pretty.  
 — **wend** : go. — **mart** : business place.

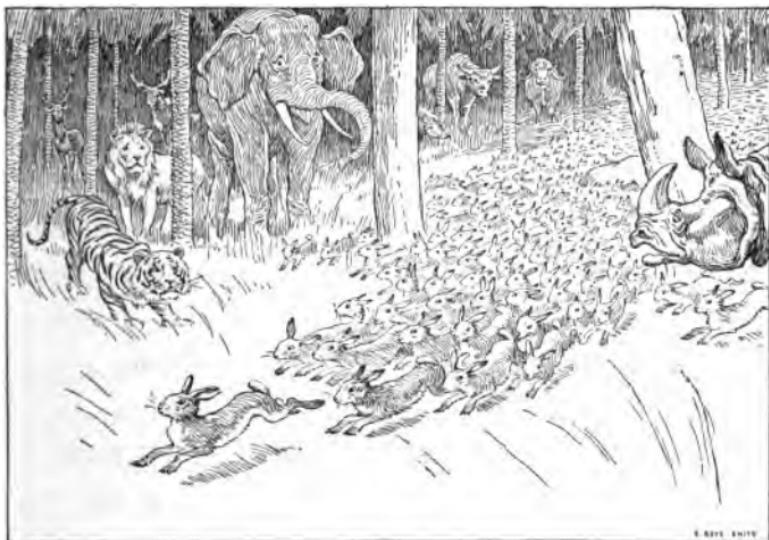
## THE TIMID HARE AND THE FLIGHT OF THE BEASTS

### THE JĀTAKA

THE JĀTAKA (*jā'ta-ka*) is one of the sacred books of the priests of Buddha. It contains five hundred and fifty stories. All these stories are about some form of life that Buddha lived before his final birth as a man and as the founder of a religion believed by 5 thousands. The story below gives an account of Buddha when he lived in the form of a lion.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta (Buddha) came to life as a young lion. When fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the 10 Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare, after feeding, came and lay down beneath a young palm tree. And the thought struck him : 15 "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me ?" And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it the hare thought, "This solid earth is falling in"; and, starting up, he fled without so much as looking 20 behind him. Another saw him scampering off as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, sir, what is it?" and

kept running after him. Then the hare stopped a moment and, without looking back, said, "The earth here is breaking up." And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, 5



and joined in the chase, till one hundred thousand hares all took flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant. And when these asked what it meant and were told 10 that the earth was breaking up, they too took flight. So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard that the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought : "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must 5 be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives." So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lionlike roared three times. They were 10 terribly frightened at the lion, and, stopping in their flight, stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why they were running away.

"The earth is falling in," they answered.

15 "Who saw it falling in?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said ; "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know ; the tigers know." The tigers 20 said, "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "The buffaloes." The buffaloes, "The elks." The elks, "The boars." The boars, "The deer." The deer said, "We don't know ; the hares know." 25 When the hares were questioned they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, sir; I saw it," said the hare.

"Where," he asked, "were you living when you saw it?"

5

"Near the ocean, sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree I thought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard 10 the sound of breaking up of the earth, and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a thud, and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. I will 15 find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said: "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return do you stay here." 20 Then, placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and, putting the hare down in a palm grove, he said, "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

25

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, sir, is the place of dreadful sounds"; and so saying, he repeated the first stanza:

5        "From the spot where I did dwell  
             Issued forth a fearful thud;  
             What it was I could not tell,  
             Nor what caused it understood."

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went 10 to the foot of the vilva tree and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully found out that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare 15 on his back, and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go. Verily, if it had 20 not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

From the *Jataka*. Translated by H. N. FRANCIS

**league**: a measure of distance, varying in different countries from two to four miles.

BOB SAVES HIS FATHER'S LIFE<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853— ), one of the most prominent of the group of Southern writers who arose after the Civil War, and who have written about subjects connected with the war, was born at his father's country home, Oakland, Virginia.

He received his academic training at Washington and Lee 5 University, and his legal training at the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years he practiced law in Richmond. He now lives in Washington and devotes himself to lecturing and writing.

His boyhood's home was situated between two of the main roads leading to Richmond. Hence during the Civil War he saw 10 the passing and repassing of both Northern and Southern armies, and learned, out of sad experience, many of the ways of war. The experience of these anxious hours has found expression in three books for children,— *Two Little Confederates*, *Among the Camps*, and *Santa Claus' Partner*. *Marse Chan* and *Red Rock* are 15 amongst the most entertaining of his stories for older readers.

NOTE. Bob's father, a colonel in the Confederate army, found himself not very far from home one Christmas. He had so great a longing to see his family that he decided to slip through the Union lines. Putting on citizens' clothes instead of his uniform, 20 he arrived safely, but was soon followed by soldiers who were prepared to arrest him and shoot him as a spy.

As his father concealed himself, Bob had left the chamber. He was in a perfect agony of mind. He knew that his father could not escape, and if 25 he were found dressed in citizens' clothes, he felt

<sup>1</sup> From *A Captured Santa Claus*. Copyright, 1892. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

that he could have but one fate. All sorts of schemes entered his boy's head to save him. Suddenly he thought of the small group of prisoners he had seen pass by about dark. He would save  
5 him! Putting on his hat, he opened the front door and walked out. A sentinel accosted him surlily to know where he was going. Bob invited him in to get warm, and soon had him engaged in earnest conversation.

10 "What do you do with your prisoners when you catch them?" inquired Bob.

"Send some on to prison, and hang some."

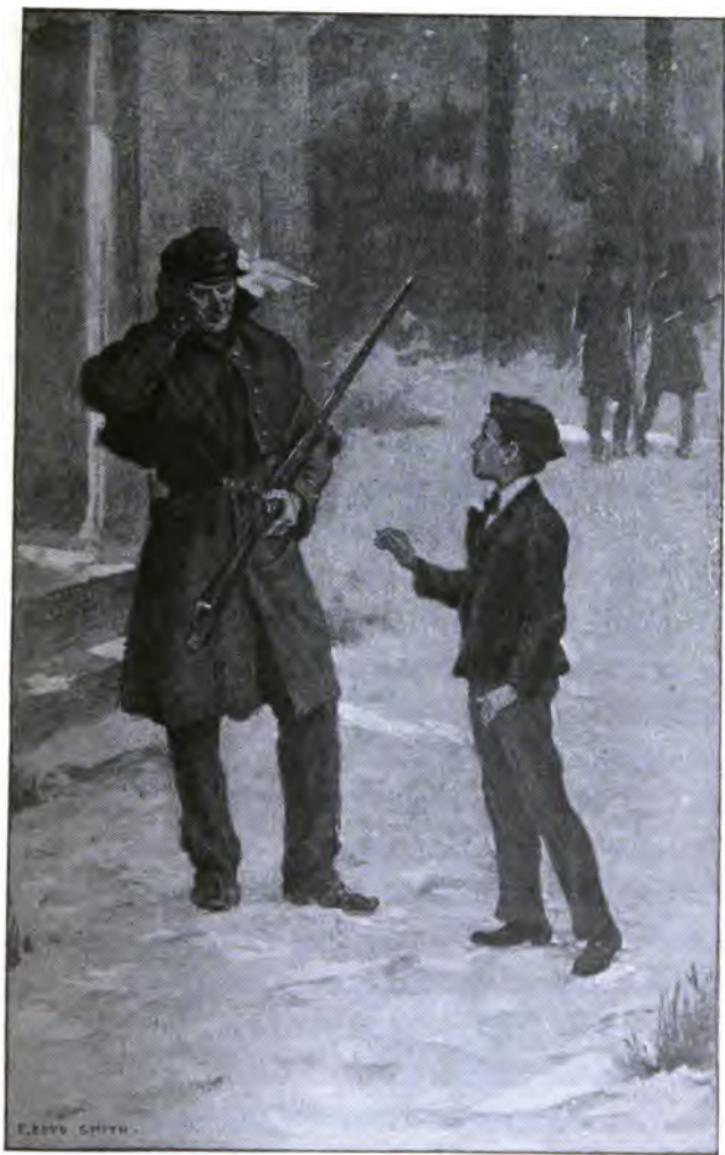
"I mean when you first catch them."

15 "Oh, they stay in camp. We don't treat them bad unless they be spies. There's a batch at camp now, got in this evening — sort.o' Christmas gift." The soldier laughed aloud as he stamped his feet to keep warm.

"Where's your camp?" Bob asked.

20 "About a mile from here, right on the road, or rather right on the hill at the edge of the pines beyond the creek."

The boy left his companion and sauntered in and out among the other men in the yard. Presently  
25 he moved on to the edge of the lawn beyond them. No one took further notice of him. In a second he



had slipped through the gate and was flying across the field. He knew every foot of ground as well as a hare, for he had been hunting and setting traps over it since he was as big as little Charlie. He 5 had to turn out of his way to make a detour at the creek to avoid the picket, and the dense briers were very bad and painful. However, he worked his way through, though his face was severely scratched. Into the creek he plunged. "Outch!" He had 10 stepped into a hole, and the water was as cold as ice. However, he was through, and at the top of the hill he could see the glow of the camp fires lighting up the sky.

He crept cautiously up and saw the dark forms 15 of the sentinels pacing backward and forward, wrapped in their overcoats. How could he ever get by them? His heart began to beat and his teeth to chatter, but he walked boldly up.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the sentry, 20 bringing his gun down and advancing on him.

Bob kept on, and the sentinel, finding that it was only a boy, looked rather sheepish.

"Don't let him capture you, Jim," called one of them; "Call the Corporal of the Guard," said another; 25 "Order up the reserves," a third; and so on. Bob had to undergo something of an examination.

"I know the little Johnny," said one of them.

They made him draw up to the fire and made quite a fuss over him. Bob had his wits about him, and soon learned that a batch of prisoners were at a fire a hundred yards further back. He 5 therefore worked his way over there, although he was advised to stay where he was and get dry, and had many offers of a bunk from his new friends, some of whom followed him over to where the prisoners were. 10

Most of them were quartered for the night in a hut before which a guard was stationed. One or two, however, sat around the camp fire chatting with their guards. Among them was a major in full uniform. Bob singled him out; he was just 15 about his father's size.

Bob was instantly the center of attraction. Again he told them he was from Holly Hill; again he was recognized by one of the men.

"Run away to join the army?" asked one. 20

"No," said Bob, his eyes flashing at the mere suggestion.

"Lost?"

"No."

"Mother whipped you?" 25

"No."

As soon as their curiosity had somewhat subsided, Bob, who had hardly been able to contain himself, said to the Confederate major in a low undertone, "My father, Colonel Stafford, is at home, concealed, and the Yankees have taken possession of the house."

"Well?" said the major, looking down at him as if casually.

"He cannot escape, and he has on citizens' clothes, and—" Bob's voice choked suddenly as he gazed at the major's uniform.

"Well?" The prisoner for a second looked sharply down at the boy's earnest face. Then he put his hand under his chin and, lifting it, looked into his eyes. Bob shivered and in spite of his efforts a sob escaped him.

The major placed his hand firmly on his knee. "Why, you are wringing wet," he said aloud. "I wonder you are not frozen to death." He rose and stripped off his coat. "Here, get into this"; and before the boy knew it the major had bundled him into his coat and rolled up the sleeves so that he could use his hands. The action attracted the attention of the rest of the group, and several of the Yankees offered to take the boy and give him dry clothes.

"No, sir," laughed the major; "this boy is a rebel. Do you think he will wear one of your Yankee suits? He's a little major, and I'm going to give him a major's uniform."

In a minute he had stripped off his trousers 5 and was helping Bob into them, standing himself in his underclothes in the icy air. The legs were three times too long for the boy, and the waist came up to his armpits.

"Now go home to your mother," said the major, 10 laughing at his appearance; "and some of you fellows get me some clothes or a blanket. I'll wear your Yankee uniform to-night out of sheer necessity."

Bob trotted around, keeping as far away from 15 the light of the camp fires as possible. He soon found himself unobserved, and reached the shadow of a line of huts, and keeping well in it, he came to the edge of the camp. He watched his opportunity, and when the sentry's back was turned 20 slipped out into the darkness. In an instant he was flying down the hill. The heavy clothes impeded him, and he stopped only long enough to snatch them off and roll them into a bundle, and sped on his way again. He struck the main road, 25 and was running down the hill as fast as his legs

could carry him, when he suddenly found himself almost on a group of dark objects who were standing in the road just in front of him. One of them moved. It was the picket. Bob suddenly stopped.

5 His heart was in his throat.

"Who goes there?" said a stern voice. Bob's heart beat as if it would spring out of his body.

"Come in; we have you," said the man, advancing.

10 Bob sprang across the ditch beside the road, and putting his hand on the top rail of the fence, flung himself over it, bundle and all, flat on the other side, just as a blaze of light burst from the picket, and the report of a carbine startled  
15 the silent night. The bullet grazed the boy's arm and crashed through the rail. In a second Bob was on his feet. The picket was almost on him. Seizing his bundle, he dived into the thicket as a half dozen shots were sent ringing after him,  
20 the bullets hissing and whistling over his head. Several men dashed into the woods after him in hot pursuit, and two more galloped up the road to cut him off; but Bob's feet were winged, and he slipped through briers and brush like a  
25 scared hare. They scratched his face and threw him down, but he was up again. Now and then a

shot crashed behind him, but he did not care for that; he thought only of being caught.

A few hundred yards up he plunged into the stream and, wading across, was soon safe from his pursuers. Breathless, he climbed the hill, made his way through the woods, and came out into the open fields. Across these he sped like a deer. He had almost given out. What if they should have caught his father and he should be too late! A sob escaped him at the bare thought, and he broke again into a run, wiping off with his sleeve the tears that would come. The wind cut him like a knife, but he did not mind that.

As he neared the house he feared that he might be seen again and the clothes taken from him; so he stopped for a moment and slipped them on once more, rolling up the sleeves and legs as well as he could. He crossed the yard undisturbed. He went around to the same door by which he had come out, for he thought this his best chance. The same sentinel was there, walking up and down, blowing his cold hands. Had his father been arrested? Bob's teeth chattered, but it was with suppressed excitement.

"Pretty cold," said the sentry.

25

"Ye-es," gasped Bob.

"Your mother's been out here, looking for you, I guess," said the soldier with much friendliness.

"I rec-reckon so," panted Bob, moving toward the door. Did that mean that his father was 5 caught? He opened the door and slipped quietly into the corridor.

General Denby, the Federal officer who commanded the troops now in possession of Colonel Stafford's house, still sat silent before the hall fire.  
10 Bob listened at his father's chamber door. His mother was weeping; his father stood calm and resolute before the fire; he had determined to give himself up.

"If you only did not have on those clothes!" 15 sobbed Mrs. Stafford. "If I only had not cut up the old uniform for the children!"

"Mother! mother! I have one!" gasped Bob, bursting into the room and tearing off the unknown major's uniform.



LITTLE ALVILDA<sup>1</sup>—I

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN (1848–1895) was born in Norway and received a university education in that country. In 1869, when he was twenty-one years old, he became a citizen of the United States. For some years he was professor of German at Cornell University, and at the time of his death held the same 5 professorship in Columbia University, New York.

Young readers are especially interested in his Norseland series of books for boys. These include *Norseland Tales*, *Boyhood in Norway*, *The Modern Viking*, *Against Odds*, and *The Golden Calf*.

There was once a clergyman who lived somewhere in the mountain valleys of Norway. He had five children, all of whom were dear to him ; but there was one among them who was nearer to his heart than all the rest ; and that was a little girl, five years old, named Alvilda. It may have been 10 because she was the youngest of the five ; for the youngest child, especially if it is a girl, is always likely to be the father's pet ; or it may have been because she was a very sweet and lovable child, who drew all hearts toward her as the sun draws 15 the flowers. When her mother took her to church on Sunday morning she slipped like a sunbeam

<sup>1</sup> From *Norseland Tales*. Copyright, 1894. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

among the congregation, and all faces brightened and a softer look stole into the eyes of old and young when she passed by. In her quaint little poke bonnet and her old-fashioned gown, and with  
5 her chubby little hands folded over her mother's hymn book, she did, indeed, look so bewitching that it seemed a hardship not to stop and kiss her. “Bless the child!” said the matrons, when her bright smile beamed upon them. “Bless her dear  
10 little heart!” cried the young girls admiringly, as they knelt down in the road to pat Alvilda, to kiss her, or only to touch her in passing.

When Alvilda’s fifth birthday came it happened to be right in the middle of the berry season; and  
15 it was determined to celebrate it by a berrying party to which a dozen children of the neighborhood were invited. Fritz, Alvilda’s fourteen-year-old brother, whom she greatly admired, undertook the duty of sending out the invitations; and he con-  
20 sulted his own fancy in inviting those whom he liked and leaving out those whom he did not. It was found, when all the children gathered in front of the parsonage about nine o’clock in the morning, that it was indeed Fritz’s party rather than  
25 Alvilda’s. But Alvilda, who always thought that whatever Fritz did was well done, was perfectly

content. She liked big boys, she said, because they were not half the trouble that little girls were. First, there was her brother Charles, twelve years old, who was the proud possessor of a drum which had been presented to him at Christmas; the judge's Albert, thirteen years old, who was, to be sure, a great tease, and inclined to run off with Fritz on all sorts of mysterious errands; and there was the lawyer's Frederick, who never spoke to girls in public for fear of being thought frivolous.<sup>10</sup> Of girls there were but two: Sophy, Alvilda's fifteen-year-old sister, who was almost grown up, and carried a novel in her pocket which she read at odd moments in the garden, in the kitchen, and, most of all, in the woods; and Albert's sister, Ingeborg,<sup>15</sup> who had so many delightful secrets which she would never share with anybody except her bosom friend, Sophy.

Fritz, who had provided himself with a tin trumpet, marshaled his forces in the yard and, having<sup>20</sup> arranged them in rank and file like soldiers, gave the command, "Forward, march!"

The girls followed as best they could, the two elder ones leading Alvilda by the hand between them. The father, who was almost afraid to send<sup>25</sup> her into the woods, fearing that she might become

overtired, charged them not to leave her for a moment, and to see that she had an opportunity to rest whenever she wished,— all of which Sophy and Ingeborg promised.

5 The weather was glorious; the sunshine was just warm enough to be agreeable, and the light clouds which sailed over the sky seemed to be having a happy time of it. The woods on the slope of the mountain were filled with the fragrance of birch and pine and lilies of the valley; and the brooks, swollen by the melting ice of the glaciers, danced gayly down through the ravines with a gurgling rush which fell pleasantly upon the ear.

15 When the boys left the highway for the mountain plains they broke ranks, and each scrambled up the rocks as best he could. It was in vain that Fritz blew his trumpet and Charles beat his drum. To climb the great moss-grown rocks was too 20 inviting; and to stand on the top of them and shout against the mountain wall, which gave such a splendid echo, was a delight which made the heart leap in one's bosom. Fritz himself was not proof against such temptations, and, finding his 25 commands disobeyed, joined with a will in the sports of the rest.

When they had climbed for an hour Alvilda began to grow tired; and Fritz, seeing there was no likelihood of reaching the enchanted territory he had in view without carrying her, undertook, with the aid of his comrades, to make a litter 5 of soft pine branches. The boys then took turns carrying Alvilda, addressing her all the while as the Princess Kunigunde. Alvilda laughed heartily



at their fanciful speeches, and her clear voice rang through the woods. But, although she found it 10 ridiculous, Alvilda enjoyed immensely being a princess and having her devoted knights kiss her hand and bend their knees when they spoke to her.

It was about eleven o'clock when the party reached Fritz's berrying ground, which he had 15

discovered a few days ago, when out in the woods with Albert in search of adventures. It was just then toward the end of the strawberry season and the beginning of the blueberry season. The sweet  
5 wild strawberry betrayed itself by its fragrance under the heather, and when the boys found an open patch about the roots of a tree, where the berries grew in big bunches, they shouted aloud and danced an Indian war dance from excess of  
10 joy, before beginning to fill their mouths, their pails, and their baskets. Fritz and Albert, who were the champion pickers, had soon filled the tin pails they had brought with them, and set to work busily to make baskets of birch bark where-  
15 with to carry off what was left. There were the great blueberry fields still to be ravaged; and it seemed a pity not to pick some of the fragrant sweetbrier and lilies of the valley that grew so abundantly among the birches and alders. Sophy  
20 and Ingeborg were very happy over the nodding clusters of pretty, bell-shaped flowers which, in Norway, grow wild in the woods; and they picked their aprons full again and again, emptying them into one of Fritz's birch-bark baskets. Of maiden-  
25 hair, too, and the delicate little woodstars there was no lack; and in the open glades they found

some belated violets with a shy little ghost of a perfume that stole into one's nostrils as a kind thought steals into the heart.

Fritz and his manly comrades protested, of course, against this "tomfoolery" with the flowers; <sup>5</sup> but as some indulgence must be granted to the weaknesses of girls, they consented to assist in the task. A big heap of variegated color—pink, white, blue, and green—was piled up under a large, wide-spreading pine, where Alvilda sat, like a fairy <sup>10</sup> queen, glorying in her flower treasures. It was then that Fritz lost his patience and demanded to know whether it was not time to stop this nonsense and go in quest of something worth wearying one's limbs for. As he had brought fishing tackle <sup>15</sup> and bait, he would propose a little fishing expedition on a tarn close by, and if the girls did n't care to accompany him, he would go alone with his trusty friends, Robin Hood and the Gray Friar, and catch enough to provide luncheon for the whole army. <sup>20</sup>

This proposition was too tempting to be resisted, and presently all the boys scampered away through the underbrush, leaving the three girls under the pine tree. Sophy spread a shawl upon the ground for Alvilda to lie down upon; and herself drew a <sup>25</sup> favorite novel from her pocket, which she discussed

in whispers with Ingeborg. There were, indeed, the most delightful things in this book,—dreadful, black-hearted villains, with black mustaches, who prowled about in all sorts of disguises. Sophy  
5 soon lost all thought of her sister, and Alvilda, finding herself neglected, pouted a little and dozed away into a sweet sleep.

In the meanwhile the boys were having great fun down on the tarn, and, being seized with a  
10 ravenous appetite, as their usual hour for luncheon passed, they resolved to have a little feast all by themselves before returning to the girls. They had caught a dozen fine trout and no end of perch, and their mouths watered to test the flavor of the former  
15 on the spot. They accordingly built a stove of flat stones, made a fire in it, split the fish, and broiled them over the flame.

The trout in particular proved to have a superb flavor, and Fritz, as a generous and magnanimous  
20 freebooter, was dispensing the hospitality of the woods with a royal hand. He forgot all about his dear little sister in whose honor he was feasting, and he forgot, too, that he had promised to return in half an hour with his catch of fish. Sophy and  
25 Ingeborg, having exhausted the delights of the novel, began to grow hungry; and when an hour

had passed they became impatient, and at last angry. They could hear Fritz's shout of laughter in the distance, and they began to suspect that the boys were lunching without them. Now and then the blare of a trumpet was heard, and the rumble of Charles's drum.

"I really think, Ingeborg," said Sophy, "that those wretched boys have forgotten about us."

"I never could understand why boys were created," observed Ingeborg.

10

"Well, anyway, I am hungry," cried Sophy.

"And I am ravenous; that is, I am not averse to something to eat," echoed her friend.

"Suppose we go to find those graceless scamps," suggested Sophy.

15

"Very well; but what shall we do with Alvilda?"

Alvilda — to be sure, what were they to do with her? Sophy felt a little pang of guilt as her eyes fell upon the sweet, chubby face of her sleeping sister.

"She is sleeping so soundly, it would be a pity to wake her up," she remarked, doubtfully. "What do you say?"

"Why, nothing can happen to her here," said Ingeborg; "we shall only be gone fifteen minutes at the most, you know, and then we shall be back with the boys."

"But suppose there were bears about here; then it might be dangerous to leave her."

"Yes, and suppose there were lions — and crocodiles," laughed Ingeborg.

5 This sally disposed of Sophy's scruples; and having thrown a jacket over Alvilda's feet and kissed her on the cheek, she flung one arm about her friend's waist and wandered away with her in the direction from which the boys' laughter was  
10 heard. It was not difficult to find those young gentlemen, for they were engaged in a lively wrangle as to which was the rightful owner of the fish which they could not devour. Fritz maintained that he, as the chieftain, had a just claim to the  
15 proceeds of the labor of his vassals and slaves, and the vassals and slaves loudly rebelled and declared that they would never submit to such injustice; whereupon the chieftain declared that he would give up his rights and surrender the booty to be  
20 divided by lot among his men at arms. It was at this interesting point that the girls appeared upon the scene, and the gallant freebooters dropped their quarrel and undertook, somewhat shamefacedly, to wait upon their fair guests. And as the fair guests  
25 had rather unfashionable appetites, after their long fast and vigorous exercise, the fifteen minutes

became half an hour, and the half hour began to round itself out to a whole hour, before their consciences smote them and they thought of Alvilda, who was asleep under the big pine tree.

### LITTLE ALVILDA — II

And now let us see what befell little Alvilda. 5  
She slept quietly for about twenty minutes after her sister left her; and she would have slept longer if something very strange had not happened. She was dreaming that the big mastiff, Hector, at home in the parsonage, was insisting 10 upon kissing her, and she was struggling to get away from his cold, wet nose, but could not. A strange, wild odor was filling the air, and it penetrated into Alvilda's dream and made her toss uneasily. There was Hector again, with his cold, 15 wet nose, and he was blowing his warm breath into her face. She tried to scold him, but not a sound could she produce. In her sleep she struck out with her hand and hit something warm and furry. But here the filmy webs of slumber were 20 broken; she opened her eyes wide and raised herself on her elbow. There stood Hector, indeed, and stared straight into her eyes. But how big he

was! And how his ears had shrunk and his fur grown! Alvilda rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was awake. She stared once more with a dim fear, and saw — yes, there could be no doubt of it — she saw that it was not Hector. It was a big brown beast, which might take it into its head to hurt her. It was — yes, now she was quite sure of it — it was a big brown bear!

The little girl's first impulse was to cry out for help. But it was so strangely still about her. Where were her brothers and sister, — Fritz and his freebooters, Sophy and her friend Ingeborg? It could not be possible that they had left her alone here in the forest. She threw frightened glances about her; but wherever she looked she saw nothing but the long, solemn rows of brown pine trunks. And there, right in front of her, stood the bear, staring at her with his small black eyes. It seemed to her, even in her fright, that she must try to make friends with this bear, in which case, perhaps, he might consent not to eat her. She knew from her fairy tales that there were good bears and bad bears, and she hoped that her new acquaintance might prove to belong to the order of good bears. So, with a quaking heart and a voice that shook, she arose, and, putting her hand on the bear's neck,

exclaimed with coaxing friendliness : “ I know you very well, Mr. Bear, but you don’t know me. I know you from my picture book. You are the good bear who carried the Princess on your back, away from the Troll’s castle.”

The bear seemed not displeased to know that he had made so good an impression, though he wished to make it plain that he could n’t be bamboozled by flattery. For he shook his great shaggy head and gave a low, good-natured grumble. And just at that moment he caught sight of the big basket of strawberries that stood under the tree ; and, turning toward it, he slowly lifted his right fore paw and, putting it straight into the basket, deliberately upset it.

“ Why, Bear, what have you been doing ? ” cried Alvilda, half forgetting her fear. “ Why, don’t you know those are Fritz’s berries ? And he will be so angry when he gets back ! For Fritz, you know, is quite high-tempered. Now, if you ’ll eat my berries, you may have them, and welcome ; but, dear Mr. Bear, do let Fritz’s alone.”

You may be sure that the bear was not greatly moved by this speech. He calmly went on eating Fritz’s berries, which were scattered all over the ground, and grumbled now and then contentedly,

as if to say that he found the flavor of the berries excellent. He paid no attention whatever to Alvilda's own little basket, which she had placed invitingly before his nose ; but, when he had  
5 finished Fritz's berries, he selected the next biggest basket and upset that in the same deliberate fashion in which he had overturned the first one.

“ Why, now, Mr. Bear, I don't think you are good at all,” said Alvilda, when she saw her friend  
10 make havoc among the berry baskets. “ Don't you know you'll get a stomach ache if you eat so many berries ? and then you'll have to go to bed in your den and take medicine.”

But, seeing that the bear was not moved by her  
15 words, Alvilda put her arms about his neck and tried to drive him away. She found, however, that she was no match for Bruin in strength, and therefore sorrowfully made up her mind to let him do as he pleased. “ Now, Bear,” she said, seating herself again under the tree, and quite forgetting that she had been frightened, “ if you'll behave yourself, I am going to make you a pretty wreath of flowers. Then, Mr. Bear, won't you look handsome when you get home to your family ! ”

25 And, delighted at this idea of the bear returning to his astonished family decorated with a

wreath, she clapped her hands, emptied a basket of wild flowers in her lap, and began to tie them together. Lilies of the valley, she feared, Bruin would scarcely care for; but brier roses, violets, and columbines, she thought, would not be beyond 5 his taste; and adding here and there a sprig of whortleberries and of flowery heather to give solidity to her wreath, she tied it securely about the bear's neck and laughed aloud with joy at his appearance. Bruin had clearly a notion that this 10 was a kindly act, for he suddenly rose up on his hind legs and, with a pleased grumble, made an attempt to look at himself.

"Oh, my dear Bruin!" cried Alvilda; "you look perfectly lovely. Your family won't know you 15 when they see you again."

The bear lifted up his head, and as his eyes met Alvilda's there was a gleam in them of mild astonishment, and, as the little girl imagined, of thanks. She laughed and talked on merrily for 20 some minutes, while her friend sat down on his hind legs and continued to gaze at her with the same stupid wonder. But then, suddenly, while Alvilda was making another wreath for Bruin to take home to his wife, the blare of a trumpet 25 reëchoed through the woods and laughing voices

were heard approaching. The bear pricked up his ears, sniffed the air suspiciously, and waddled slowly away between the tree trunks.

“Why, no, Bear!” Alvilda cried after him;  
5 “why don’t you stay and meet Fritz and Sophy  
and the judge’s Albert?”

But the bear, instead of returning, broke into a gentle trot, and she heard the dry branches crack beneath his tread as he vanished in the under-  
10 brush. And just as she lost the last glimpse of him, Fritz and Sophy and the whole party of children came rushing up to her, excusing themselves for their absence, calling her all manner of pet names, and saying that they had hoped she  
15 had not been frightened. “Oh, no, not at all,” answered Alvilda; “I have had a nice bear here, who has kept me company. But I am sorry he has eaten up all your berries.”

The children thought, at first, that she must be  
20 joking; but seeing all the baskets upset, and smelling the strong, wild odor that was yet lingering in the air, they turned pale and stood gazing at each other in speechless terror. But Sophy burst into tears, hugged her little sister to her bosom, and  
25 cried: “Can you ever forgive me, Alvilda? It is all my fault. I promised not to leave you.”



It was of no use that Alvilda kept repeating :  
“But, Sophy, he was not a bad bear. He was a  
nice bear, and he did n’t hurt me at all.”

There could be no more berrying after that.

5 The girls were in haste to be gone, and the valiant freebooters had no desire to detain them. They picked up their belongings as fast as they could, and hurried down through the forest, each taking his turn, as before, in carrying Alvilda. But they  
10 were neither knights nor princesses any more. They were only frightened boys and girls.

When they arrived at the parsonage about five o’clock in the afternoon they were too tired, breathless, and frightened to care much what became of  
15 them. Sophy took upon herself to tell her father what had happened. She was prepared for the worst, and in her sorrow would have accepted cheerfully any punishment. But imagine her astonishment when her father uttered no word of  
20 reproach, but folded Alvilda in his arms and thanked God that he had his little girl once more, safe and sound.

quest : search. — tarn : a mountain lake or pool. — freebooter :  
robber. — sally : a witty saying. — bamboozled : cheated.

## OLIVER CROMWELL — I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864), one of the greatest prose writers of America, was born in Salem, Massachusetts. His father, who was the last of a long line of sea captains, died when his son was only four years old. The childhood of Hawthorne was sad and lonely. “We do not even live at our house,” 5 was the pitiful remark of the child. For weeks at a time his mother and sisters shut themselves up in their rooms, and little Nathaniel was left to the companionship of books and dreams. Often in winter he escaped from the dreariness of his room to skate for hours on the near-by lake. In summer, when wearied 10 by long hours of reading, he would boat and fish alone or lie under the trees dreaming.

In 1825 he was graduated from Bowdoin College in Maine, in the class with the poet Longfellow. After graduation he went back with his mother and sisters to Salem, and for thirteen 15 years lived practically without a companion in the world. “For months together,” he says, “I scarce held human intercourse outside of my own family, seldom going out except at twilight or only taking the nearest way to the most convenient solitude.”

In these quiet years, when he burned almost every line that he 20 wrote, he was learning how to write and how to think. These years proved the most useful of his life, as far as mastery of art went, for in them he learned to be a skilled workman.

His marriage was a happy one, and in 1850, when his *Scarlet Letter* was published, he stepped into the forefront of American 25 men of letters. His perfect style — graceful, clear, simple, strong — and his power of working up material placed him in the first rank of literary artists.

His *Twice-Told Tales*, *Wonder Book*, *Tanglewood Tales*, *Grandfather's Chair* and *The Snow Image* are especially interesting to 30 the young.

Not long after King James the First took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver  
5 Cromwell. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him for a good many years. In it there was a great hall hung round with coats of arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in  
10 battle, and with horns of deer and tails of foxes which they or Sir Oliver himself had killed in the chase.

This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was  
15 generally known in the family by the name of Little Noll. His father was a younger brother of Sir Oliver. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and  
20 always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by miracle.

Even while he was an infant in the cradle a strange accident had befallen him. A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little  
25 Noll in his fore paws and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat

grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if it had done the most praiseworthy thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again; and the event was afterwards considered an omen that Noll would reach a very <sup>5</sup> elevated station in the world.

One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, <sup>10</sup> to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, guards, and yeomen, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, <sup>15</sup> and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen; and the neighbors knew by the smoke which poured out of the chimney that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying <sup>20</sup> were going on merrily.

By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; a heavy, old-fashioned coach surrounded by guards on horseback drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat in <sup>25</sup> his hand, stood at the gate to receive the king.

His Majesty was dressed in a suit of green, not very new ; he had a feather in his hat and a triple ruff round his neck, and over his shoulder was



slung a hunting horn instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world ; but the spectators gazed at him as if there was something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his  
10 countenance.

"How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent; for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while his Majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in his coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. Though by no means an ill-looking child, he seemed shy, or even sulky; and his cheeks were rather pale, as if he had been kept moping within doors instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind. 15

"I have brought my son Charlie to see ye," said the king. "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate."

Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men with their gray beards, humbled themselves before this child. They bent their bodies till their beards almost swept the dust. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him. 25

The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being, so that, of course, he naturally supposed that the whole kingdom of Great Britain and all its inhabitants had been created solely for his benefit and amusement. This was a sad mistake; and it cost him dear enough after he had ascended his father's throne.

“What a noble little prince he is!” exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration. “No, please your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his Royal Highness; but there is a nephew of mine somewhere about the house. He is near the prince’s age, and will be but too happy to wait upon his Royal Highness.”

“Send for him, man! send for him!” said the king.

But, as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose (which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king’s visit) were already soiled and torn with the rough play in

which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle and the prince one of his customary playfellows. This was little Noll himself.

"Here, please your Majesty, is my nephew," 5 said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. "Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's Majesty."

The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king; for in those days children were taught 10 to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince, in a very grave and dignified manner, extended 15 his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

"Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince."

"I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside 20 the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?"

All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a 25 stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for

his son to learn betimes what sort of a people he was to rule over.

So King James and his train entered the house ; and the prince, with Noll and some other children, 5 was sent to play in a separate room while his Majesty was at dinner. The young people soon became acquainted ; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games 10 they diverted themselves with I cannot tell. Perhaps they played at ball, perhaps at blindman's buff, perhaps at leapfrog, perhaps at prison bars. Such games have been in use for hundreds of years, and princes as well as poor children have spent 15 some of their happiest hours in playing at them.

cuirass : armor to cover the body from the neck to the waist. — omen : sign. — doublet : a close-fitting coat. — abashed : ashamed. — demeanor : conduct. — obeisance : a respectful bow. — betimes : early.

## OLIVER CROMWELL — II

Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him wine or the

various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees. You would have thought, by these tokens of worship, that the monarch was a supernatural being; only he seemed to have quite as much need of these vulgar matters — food and drink — as any other person at the table. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace.

All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry 10 shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at the table looked aghast; for perhaps the tumult made them 15 think that a general rebellion had broken out.

“Mercy on us!” muttered Sir Oliver; “that graceless nephew of mine is in mischief.”

Getting up from the table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, 20 and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play room.

On looking in they beheld little Prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming 25 from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at

Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight not only the prince but the king and kingdom too.

“ You little villain ! ” cried his uncle. “ What have you been about ? Down on your knees, this instant, and ask the prince’s pardon.”

“ He struck me first,” grumbled the valiant little Noll ; “ and I ’ve only given him his due.”

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king’s own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent to the Tower of London and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their zeal for the king’s service, were about to lay hands on the boy and chastise him in the royal presence.

But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist.

“ Thou art a bold boy,” said he, looking fixedly at Noll ; “ and, if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee.”

"I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

"Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king. Then, addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants: "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose." 10

So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and have met a more peaceful 15 death, had he remembered that quarrel and the moral which his father drew from it.

When old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects 20 were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him and beat him in many battles and pulled him down 25 from his throne.

Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side and the people of England on the other there was a famous leader, who did more toward the ruin of royal authority than all the  
5 rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling match between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial that warlike leader sat in the judgment hall.  
10 Many judges were present besides himself, but he alone had the power to save King Charles or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his  
15 Majesty from death.

“No!” said he, sternly. “Better that one man perish than that the country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!”

When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the  
20 scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on with a steadfast gaze while a black-  
25 veiled executioner lifted the fatal ax and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

"It is a righteous deed," perhaps he said.  
"Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights."

At night, when the body of Charles lay in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch.

"Why was it," said Cromwell to himself, or might have said, as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin,— "why was it that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?"

And, indeed, why was it?

King Charles had fallen because, in his manhood the same as when a child, he had disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. And Cromwell rose because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow-men; and therefore the poor and the oppressed all lent their strength to him.



## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The two Brownings, Robert and his gifted wife, have left immortal names in English poetry.

Mrs. Browning was born in 1806. Her childhood was spent in "a luxurious home standing in a park, among trees and sloping hills all sprinkled with sheep." Her wealthy father surrounded her with every comfort, but at the same time looked sharply after the education of his dark-eyed, curly-haired, and winsome-faced daughter. The child was an invalid, but her sickness did not interfere with her love for study. "She read almost every book worth the reading in almost every language," says Miss Mitford, "and gave herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

The death of her mother and her father's loss of fortune led to a removal to London, where she lived until her marriage to 15 Robert Browning in 1846. After their marriage the two poets went to Italy to live, and there Mrs. Browning died in 1861.

Mrs. Browning's poems always stand for truth and right. Her *Cry of the Children* voiced the protest of an aroused country against the practice of employing children in mines and factories. 20 *Aurora Leigh*, a versified novel, is Mrs. Browning's most ambitious work, but her fame will doubtless rest on her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

NOTE. Among the Greeks, Pan was the god of flocks, pastures, and forests. He was born with horns, a goat's beard, and 25 a goat's feet. He had a crooked nose and very pointed ears. His voice was terrible, and he was fond of roaring at shy and timid people. He took a nap in the middle of the day, and great was his fury if his slumbers were disturbed.

Pan was fond of music, and, as the following poem shows, was 30 believed to be the inventor of the shepherd's flute.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
 Down in the reeds by the river?  
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat      5  
     With the dragon-fly on the river.



He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
 From the deep cool bed of the river:  
 The limpid water turbidly ran,  
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,      10  
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
     Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
 While turbidly flowed the river;

And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

5      He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
                (How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
10     In holes, as he sat by the river.

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan  
                (Laughed while he sat by the river),  
“The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”  
15     Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
                He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !  
                Piercing sweet by the river !  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !  
20     The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
                Came back to dream on the river.

## UNCLE REMUS AND HIS STORIES

The stories of Uncle Remus have gladdened the lives of countless children. These stories, however, did not start with the man who first wrote them. Most of them, old perhaps as man, came with the slaves of the South from their African homes,<sup>5</sup> where for hundreds of years the black children of forest and jungle had been fascinated or frightened by them.

No one knows who first told these odd stories. They belonged to the negro race only as they<sup>10</sup> had belonged to other races long before. They, however, particularly pleased the simple-hearted negroes because their lives in the open fields and in the tangled woods made them familiar with the ways of the animals and birds about which the<sup>15</sup> stories were told. As they went out in the morning they saw Br'er Rabbit, with his "cotton-patch" tail scurrying before them. They noted the saucy cry of the blue jay as he prowled around the homes of other birds. They met Br'er Bear in the silent<sup>20</sup> paths of the forest. In the evenings as they returned to their bamboo shanties they caught glimpses of sly Br'er Fox as he slunk out of sight, and they heard with dread the "tu-whit tu-whoo"

of Br'er Owl as he winged his way through the gathering gloom.

When the negroes came to America they brought these stories with them, and as the negroes grew 5 in intelligence the stories improved in art, and hence in interest. Story-teller after story-teller, adding here a little and there a little, made the stories better and better. In the cabins of the cotton field and of the canebrake old and young 10 alike listened with rolling eyes and open mouth to the wonderful ways of hare and fox, of bear, buzzard, and terrapin.

By and by these stories made their way from the cabin of the slave to the "Great House" of 15 the master. There they were enjoyed as much as they had been in the slave quarters. But for years no one thought of writing out these wonderful stories. They were so simple and so familiar that it never occurred to any one to make 20 "book stories" of them.

At last Irwin Russell, of Mississippi, began to write poems in the language of the plantation negroes. The popularity of these poems seems to have suggested to a young Georgia editor the 25 happy idea of writing out the negro stories with which he had all his life been familiar.

The writer who with much hesitation thus began to tell these charming tales was Joel Chandler Harris.

Mr. Harris was born in Putnam County, Georgia, in 1848. One who knew him in his boyhood describes him as red-haired, freckle-faced, shy, mischievous, yet thoughtful. In spite of a slow-moving tongue, he had a wit that flashed merrily, a memory quick to hold whatever came within reach, a mind original and strong. His parents were too poor to give him other education than that offered by the village school.

From earliest childhood young Harris was a constant reader. The postmaster, becoming interested in the boy, allowed him to curl up on an old green sofa in his office and read all the papers that were not at once called for. His mother often read to him. Among the books that she read was *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This charming book so attracted the boy that he could repeat entire pages of it, and, while still under its spell, he began to write childish stories.

All unexpectedly an opportunity came to him to learn more about the art of writing. His native country was filled with an unusually well-educated class of people. A Mr. Turner, thinking to reach

these people with a scholarly publication, decided to start a carefully edited paper on his plantation, about nine miles from the town of Eatonton.

Needing an office boy, Mr. Turner took young  
5 Harris, then twelve years old, into his office to learn the printer's trade.

In his new home the shy but thoughtful boy fell into the busy stream of life on a plantation in the old South. He learned the ways of negroes at  
10 work and at play. He listened to their songs as their hoes swung along the cotton rows or as their flying fingers snatched the cotton from opening bolls. He joined them at night when with flaring torches and yelping hounds they chased the fat  
15 opossum or the hard-fighting raccoon. Especially did he delight to visit them in their cabins and to hear their odd stories told by the flickering light of pine knots. His ready memory caught their tricks of speech and gesture and stored away their  
20 odd forms of humor. He heard these tales merely for the pleasure of hearing them, and with no thought that he would some day teach them to the children of many lands. If the gray-haired  
“uncles” and “aunties,” who told him the best  
25 of these tales, had ever dreamed that their quiet boyish listener would before many years print and

scatter by thousands their stories, they would have stood dumb before him.

There, too, in his country home the boy became acquainted with the ways and habits of birds and beasts. He petted the horses, made friends with the dogs, rambled through the woods to catch glimpses of squirrel, rabbit, fox, and deer. Like little Hiawatha, he

Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets.

10

He says of the office where he worked: "A partridge built her nest within five paces of the window where I learned to set type, and hatched her brood undisturbed. The cat squirrel frolicked on the roof, and a gray fox, whose range was in the neighborhood, used to flit across the orchard path in full sight."

No teller of animal stories could, then, have had a better training than Harris had in Mr. Turner's home, where both nature and books were loved.

20

A few years later Editor Turner began to find spicy little articles in his paper,—articles which he had neither written nor seen. He greatly wondered where they came from, but he was too wise to question the shy boy who sat on a high stool before

25

the old-fashioned case of type. However, he soon found that the articles were slipped into the paper by this quiet printer boy. Harris took the following plan to keep his authorship secret : he set his articles 5 into type as he composed them. Hence there was never a scrap of paper, or "copy," as the printers call it, to show where the articles came from.

Mr. Turner was much pleased with the ambition of the bright boy, and opened his library of choice 10 books to him. In his spare hours Harris took to reading, and these hours in a country library, added to his habit of noticing closely everything that came near him, laid the foundation on which in later years he built his story-telling art.

15 His quiet days of growth ended, however, before he was eighteen. "The blood-red flower of war had been brought to bloom" in our land, and the young printer and writer saw the prosperous country around him made desolate by the Civil War. 20 The homes of his friends were broken up, the paper in which he took so much pride had to be stopped, and he, now an expert printer, had to say farewell to those who had befriended him.

After working in several different cities Harris 25 finally, in 1876, moved to Atlanta, where he has ever since lived. He became one of the editors of

the *Atlanta Constitution*, and for twenty-five years his charming pen and happy nature aided in making that paper one of the influential dailies of our country. A few years ago Mr. Harris retired from active newspaper service, and now devotes his time 5 to purely literary work.

During his years of active editorial writing he found time to write the stories that rapidly made him famous. In the quiet of his own home, after the cares of the day were over, he shaped the ins 10 and outs of Uncle Remus's daily doings, or followed Aunt Minervy Ann, Runaway Jake, and Free Joe step by step through their homely but cheery lives. In the setting of his stories Mr. Harris often moves out of the world of man, where strife after 15 dollars and after honors mars happiness. The reader breathes an air fragrant with wild honeysuckle, blackberry blossoms, and the flowers of swamp and forest. With glad steps he follows the author into a fairy world, where the slippery 20 Rabbit drives spurs into the flanks of the outwitted Fox in a wild ride to Mis' Meadows's house, or where Tar Babies clutch the fingers of Rabbits who are too fond of Foxes' cream. The rare skill with which these stories are told rivals 25 that of Hans Andersen.

His city life has never been able to wean Mr. Harris from his love of nature. "He is," says Ray Stannard Baker, "a great lover of flowers and spends much time with his roses, of which he 5 grows many varieties. He knows and is fast friends with every bird in his neighborhood. Two or three years ago, to his great delight, he discovered one morning a pair of wrens building a nest in the letter box on his front gatepost. He sat half the 10 forenoon watching for the postman in order to warn him not to disturb the wrens, and great was his solicitude until they were thoroughly established. He watched and cared for them all summer long, until the young wrens were able to leave home. 15 One day he wrote an editorial for the *Constitution* and entitled it 'The Sign of the Wren's Nest.' Since then his home has been known among his friends as 'The Sign of the Wren's Nest.'"

Among a few friends Mr. Harris is a bright, sun-20 shiny companion, bubbling over with fun and sly humor. Among strangers he is reserved and silent. In his writings a big-hearted love of man and beast is always uppermost. Nothing harsh or unkind has ever come from his pen.

**bamboo:** a large, jointed grass used for many purposes.—  
**solicitude:** anxiety.

## UNCLE RAIN AND BROTHER DROUTH

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

NOTE. In Mr. Harris's book, *Mr. Rabbit at Home*, Mrs. Meadows, one of the characters, tells the following story to Mr. Rabbit and other listeners.

"Well," said Mrs. Meadows, "once upon a time there lived in a country not very far from here a 5 man who had a wife and two children,—a boy and a girl. This was not a large family, but the man was very poor, and he found it a hard matter to get along. He was a farmer, and farming, no matter what they say, depends almost entirely on 10 the weather. Now this farmer never could get the weather he wanted. One year the Rain would come and drown out his crops, and the next year the Drouth would come and burn them up.

"Matters went from bad to worse, and the 15 farmer and his wife talked of nothing else but the Rain and the Drouth. One year they said they would have made a living but for the Drouth, and the next they said they would have been very well off but for the Rain. So it went on from year 20 to year until the two children—the boy and the girl—grew up large enough to understand what

their father and mother were talking about. One year they'd hear they could have no Sunday clothes and shoes because of the Drouth. The next year they'd hear they could have no shoes and 5 Sunday clothes because of the Rain.

"All this set them to thinking. The boy was about ten years old and the girl was about nine. One day at their play they began to talk as they had heard their father and mother talk. It was early in 10 the spring, and their father was even then plowing and preparing his fields for planting another crop.

"'We shall have warm shoes and good clothes next winter if the Rain does n't come and stay too long,' said the boy.

15     "'Yes,' replied the girl; 'and we shall have good clothes and warm shoes if the Drouth does n't come and stay too long.'

"'I wonder why they've got such a spite against us,' remarked the boy.

20     "'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the girl. 'If we go and see them, and tell them who we are, and beg them not to make us so cold and hungry when the ice grows in the ponds and on the trees, maybe they'll take pity on us.'

25     "This plan pleased the boy, and the two children continued to talk it over, until finally they agreed



to go in search of the Rain and the Drouth. ‘Do you,’ said the boy, ‘go in search of Brother Drouth, and I will go in search of Uncle Rain. When we have found them we must ask them to visit our  
5 father’s house and farm, and see the trouble and ruin they have caused.’

“To this the girl agreed; and early the next morning, after eating a piece of corn bread, which was all they had for breakfast, they started on  
10 their journey, the boy going to the east and the girl to the south. The boy traveled a long way, and for many days. Sometimes he thought he should never come to the end of his journey, but finally he came to Cousin Mist’s house, and there  
15 he inquired his way.

“‘What do you want with Uncle Rain?’ asked Cousin Mist. ‘He is holding court now, and he is very busy.’ Besides, you are not dressed properly. When people go to court they have to wear a par-  
20 ticular kind of dress. In your case you certainly ought to have a big umbrella and an oilcloth overcoat.’

“‘Well,’ replied the boy, ‘I have n’t got ’em, and that’s the end of that part of it. If you ’ll  
25 show me the way to Uncle Rain’s house, I ’ll go on and be much obliged to boot.’

"Cousin Mist looked at the boy and laughed. 'You are a bold lad,' he said; 'and since you are so bold, I 'll lend you an umbrella and an oilcloth overcoat, and go a part of the way with you.'

"So the boy put on the overcoat and hoisted <sup>5</sup> the umbrella, and trudged along the muddy road toward the house of Uncle Rain. When they came in sight of it Cousin Mist pointed it out, told the boy good-by, and then went drizzling back home. The boy went forward boldly and knocked at the <sup>10</sup> door of Uncle Rain's house.

"'Who is there?' inquired Uncle Rain in a hoarse and wheezy voice. He seemed to have the asthma, the choking quinsy, and the croup, all at the same time. <sup>15</sup>

"'It's only me,' said the boy. 'Please, Uncle Rain, open the door.'

"With that Uncle Rain opened the door and invited the little fellow in. He did more than that; he went to the closet and got out a dry <sup>20</sup> spot, and told the boy to make himself as comfortable as he could."

"Got out a — what?" asked Buster John, trying hard to keep from laughing.

"A dry spot," replied Mrs. Meadows solemnly. <sup>25</sup> "Uncle Rain went to the closet and got out a dry

spot. Of course," she continued, "Uncle Rain had to keep a supply of dry spots on hand, so as to make his visitors comfortable. It's a great thing to be polite. The boy sat on the dry spot, and,  
5 after some remarks about the weather, Uncle Rain asked him why he had come so far over the rough roads. Then the boy told Uncle Rain the whole story about how poor his father was, and how he had been made poorer year after year, first by  
10 Brother Drouth and then by Uncle Rain. And then he told how he and his little sister had to go without shoes and wear thin clothes in cold weather, all because the crops were ruined year after year, either by Brother Drouth or Uncle Rain.

15 "He told his story so simply and with so much feeling that Uncle Rain was compelled to wipe his eyes on a corner of the fog that hung on a towel rack behind the door. He asked the boy a great many questions about his father and his mother.

20 "'I reckon,' said Uncle Rain finally, 'that I have done all of you a great deal of damage without knowing it, but I think I can pay it back. Bring the dry spot with you, and come with me.' He went into the barnyard and the boy followed.  
25 They went into the barn, and there the boy saw, tied by a silver cord, a little black sheep. It was

very small, but seemed to be full-grown, because it had long horns that curled round and round on the sides of its head. And, although the horns were long and hard, the little sheep was very friendly. It rubbed its head softly against the boy's hand, and seemed to be fond of him at first sight.

"Uncle Rain untied the silver cord and placed the loose end in the boy's hand. 'Here is a sheep,' he said, 'that is worth more than all the flocks in the world. When you want gold, all you have to do is to press the golden spring under the left horn. The horn will then come off, and you will find it full of gold. When you want silver, press the silver spring under the right horn. The horn will come off, and you will find it full of silver. When the horns have been emptied, place them back where they belong. This may be done once, twice, or fifty times a day.'

"The boy didn't know how to thank Uncle Rain for this wonderful gift. He was so eager to get home that he would have started off at once.

"'Wait a minute,' said Uncle Rain. 'You may tell your father about this, but he must tell no one else. The moment the secret of the sheep is told outside your family it will no longer be valuable to you.'

"The boy thanked Uncle Rain again, and started for home, leading his wonderful sheep, which trotted along after him, as if it were glad to go with him. The boy went home much faster than he had gone away, and it was not long before he reached there."

"But what became of the little girl?" asked Sweetest Susan, as Mrs. Meadows paused for a moment.

10 "I am coming to her now," said Mrs. Meadows. "The girl, according to the bargain that had been made between her and her brother, was to visit Brother Drouth and lay her complaints before him. So she started on her way. As she went 15 along, the roads began to get drier and drier, and the grass on the ground and the leaves on the trees began to look as if they had been sprinkled with yellow powder. By these signs the girl knew that she was not far from the house of 20 Cousin Dust, and presently she saw it in the distance. She went to the door, which was open, and inquired the way to Brother Drouth's. Cousin Dust was much surprised to see a little girl at his door; but after a long fit of coughing he recovered 25 himself and told her that she was now in Brother Drouth's country.

"‘If you ’ll show me the way,’ said the girl,  
‘I ’ll be more than obliged to you.’

"‘I ’ll go a part of the way with you,’ said  
Cousin Dust, ‘and lend you a fan besides.’

"So they went along until they came in sight 5  
of Brother Drouth’s house, and then Cousin Dust  
went eddying back home in the shape of a small  
whirlwind. The girl went to Brother Drouth’s  
door and knocked. Brother Drouth came at once  
and opened the door, and invited her in. 10

"‘I ’ll not deny that I ’m surprised,’ said he ;  
‘for I never expected to find a little girl knocking  
at my door at this time of day. But I ’m glad to  
see you. You must have come a long journey.’

"With that he went to the cupboard and got 15.  
her a cool place to sit on, and this she found very  
comfortable. But still Brother Drouth was n’t sat-  
isfied. As his visitor was a little girl, he wanted  
to be extra polite, and so he went to his private  
closet and brought her a fresh breeze with a handle 20  
to it ; and, as the cool place had a cushioned back  
and the fresh breeze a handle that the girl could  
manage, she felt better in Brother Drouth’s house  
than she had at any time during her long journey.  
She sat there on the cool place and fanned with 25  
the fresh breeze, and Brother Drouth sat in his

big armchair and smiled at her. The little girl noticed this after a while, and so she said :

“ ‘Oh, you can laugh ; but it’s no laughing matter. If you could see the trouble you’ve caused at our house, you’d laugh on the other side of your mouth.’

“ When he heard this Brother Drouth at once became very serious, and apologized. He said he wasn’t laughing, but just smiling because he  
10 thought she was enjoying herself.

“ ‘I may be enjoying myself now,’ said the little girl, ‘and I’m much obliged to you ; but if I was at home, I should n’t be enjoying myself.’

“ Then she went on to tell Brother Drouth how  
15 her father’s crops had been ruined year after year, either by Uncle Rain or by Brother Drouth, and how the family got poorer and poorer all the time on that account, so that the little children could n’t have warm shoes and thick clothes in cold weather,  
20 but had to go barefooted and wear rags. Brother Drouth listened with all his ears ; and when the little girl had told her story he shook his head and said that he was to blame as well as Uncle Rain.  
He explained that for many years there had been a  
25 trial of strength going on between him and Uncle Rain, and they had become so much interested in

overcoming each other that they had paid no attention to poor people's crops. He said he was sorry that he had taken part in any such affair. Then he told the little girl that he thought he could pay her for a part of the damage he had done, and that he would be more than glad to do so.

"Bring your cool place and your fresh breeze with you, and come with me," said he.

"She followed Brother Drouth out into the barnyard, and into the barn; and there, tied by a golden cord, she saw a snow-white goat.

"This goat," said Brother Drouth, "is worth more than all the goats in the world, tame or wild." With that he untied the golden cord and placed the loose end in the girl's hand. The goat was small, but seemed to be old, for its horns, which were of the color of ivory, curved upward and over its back. They were so long that, by turning its head a bit, the snow-white goat could scratch itself on its ham. And, though it seemed to be old, it was very gentle; for it rubbed its nose and face against the little girl's frock, and appeared to be very glad to see her.

"Now, then," said Brother Drouth, "this goat is yours. Take it and take care of it. On the under

side of each horn you will find a small spring. Touch it, and the horn will come off; and each horn, no matter how many times you touch the spring, you will always find full of gold and silver.

5 But this is not all. At each change of the moon you will find the right horn full of diamonds and the left horn full of pearls. Now listen to me. You may tell your father about this treasure; but as soon as the secret is told out of the family your

10 goat will be worth no more to you than any other goat would be.'

"The little girl thanked Brother Drouth until he would allow her to thank him no more. She would have left the cool place and the fresh breeze,

15 but Brother Drouth said she was welcome to both of them. 'When the weather is cold,' said he, 'you can put them away; but when it is warm you will find that the cool place and the fresh breeze will come in right handy.'

20 "Thanking Brother Drouth again and again, the girl started on her journey home, leading her wonderful goat and carrying with her the cool place and the fresh breeze. In this way she made the long journey with ease and comfort, and came

25 to her father's house without any trouble. She reached the gate, too, just as her brother did.

They were very glad to see each other, and the sheep and the goat appeared to be old friends, for they rubbed their noses together in friendly fashion.

"‘I’ll make our father and mother rich,’ said 5  
the boy proudly.

“‘And I’ll make them richer,’ said the girl  
still more proudly.

“So they took their wonderful goat and sheep  
into the stable, gave them some hay to eat, and 10  
then went into the house.”

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## THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), poet, essayist, novelist, and physician, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. After being graduated at Harvard in the celebrated class of 1829, he studied medicine in America and in France. In 1838 he was 5 elected professor of anatomy in Dartmouth College. A few years later he was called to the same chair in Harvard University, and for thirty-five years he filled acceptably this professorship.

When he was twenty-one years old he began his long poetic career by the patriotic stanzas on *Old Ironsides*, — a poem that 10 saved the historic frigate *Constitution* from being dismantled. Among his most popular poems are *The Chambered Nautilus*, *Under the Violets*, *Lexington*, *The Voiceless*, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, *The Boys*, *The Ploughman*, *How the Old Horse won the Bet*.

On the launching of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, Lowell 15 accepted the editorship on condition that Holmes should write regularly for the magazine. To carry out the part assigned him, Holmes turned his attention to prose, and began the charming *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* series. These papers did much to establish the high character of the magazine and make it 20 successful.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
    And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
    With his cane.

They say that, in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of Time  
    Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
    Through the town.

5

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
    Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    “They are gone.”

10

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb.

15

My grandmamma has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow.

20

But now his nose is thin,  
 And it rests upon his chin  
     Like a staff,  
 And a crook is in his back,  
 And a melancholy crack  
     In his laugh.

5

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
     At him here ;  
 But the old three-cornered hat,  
 And the breeches, and all that,  
     Are so queer !

10

And if I should live to be  
 The last leaf upon the tree  
     In the spring, —  
 Let them smile, as I do now,  
 At the old forsaken bough  
     Where I cling.

15

**crier**: the town crier was an officer who used to cry aloud the orders of the court.



## A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), one of the greatest of English novelists, was born in Landport, but reared in London. A child of poverty, he rose through his own efforts to comfort and fame. Like all great novelists, he took a deep interest in the world around him. It was the mission of his genius to keep mankind from hearing "with a disdainful smile the short and simple annals of the poor."<sup>5</sup>

Dickens had great skill in drawing the characters of children. His pen pictures of Little Nell, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, and Paul and Florence Dombey have endeared him to the children <sup>10</sup> of two continents.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all <sup>15</sup> day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world. <sup>20</sup>

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others,

and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

10 But while she was still very young, oh! very, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned 15 round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the 20 child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

25 Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven,

that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where 5 many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go 15 with them, and among them was one that he knew. The patient face that had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of 20 the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the 25 child stretched out his arms and cried: "O sister!

I am here. Take me." And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

- 5 From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.
- 10 There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and  
15 of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

- Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
- 20 And he said, "Not that one, but another."
- As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "O sister! I am here. Take me." And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.
- 25 He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" 5

And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "O mother, sister, and brother! I am here. Take 10 me." And they answered him, "Not yet"; and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with 15 tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his 20 daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, 25 God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.



## ATTACKED BY A MOOSE

WILLIAM JOSEPH LONG

WILLIAM JOSEPH LONG (1867- ), writer of out-of-door stories and wilderness ways, was born in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. His academic course was taken at Harvard University, and his theological studies were pursued at Andover Seminary. He also studied in Germany and took his doctor's degree at 5 Heidelberg. *Ways of Wood Folk*, *Wilderness Ways*, and *School of the Woods* are fresh and original books.

The worst of them all was the big bull moose whose tracks were on the shore when we arrived. He was a morose, ugly old brute, living apart by 10 himself, with temper always on edge, ready to bully anything that dared to cross his path or question his lordship. Whether he was an outcast, grown surly from living too much alone, or whether he bore some bullet wound to account for his hostility to man, I could never find out.

Before we had found this out I stumbled upon the big bull one afternoon, and came near paying the penalty of my ignorance. I had been still-fishing for togue, and was on my way back to camp 20 when, doubling a point, I ran plump upon a bull moose feeding among the lily pads. My approach had been perfectly silent,—that is the only way to

see things in the woods,— and he was quite unconscious that anybody but himself was near.

He would plunge his great head under water till only his antler tips showed, and nose around on 5 the bottom till he found a lily root. With a heave and a jerk he would drag it out, and stand chewing it endwise, with huge satisfaction, while the muddy water trickled down over his face. When it was all eaten, he would grope under the lily pads for 10 another root in the same way.

Without thinking much of the possible risk, I began to creep toward him. While his head was under I would work the canoe along silently, simply “rolling the paddle” without lifting it from 15 the water. At the first lift of his antlers I would stop and sit low in the canoe till he finished his juicy morsel and ducked for more. Then one could slip along again without being discovered.

Two or three times this was repeated success- 20 fully, and still the big, unconscious brute, facing away from me fortunately, had no idea that he was being watched. His head went under the water again—not so deep this time; but I was too absorbed in the pretty game to notice that he had 25 found the end of a root above the mud, and that his ears were out of water. A ripple from the bow



Charles C. Chapman

of my canoe, or perhaps the faint brush of a lily leaf against the side, reached him. His head burst out of the pads unexpectedly ; with a snort and a mighty flounder he whirled upon me ; and there he stood quivering, ears, eyes, nose — everything about him, reaching out to me and shooting questions at my head with an insistence that demanded instant answer.

I kept quiet, though I was altogether too near the big brute for comfort, till an unfortunate breeze brushed the bow of my canoe still nearer to where he stood, threatening now instead of questioning. The mane on his back began to bristle, and I knew that I had but a small second in which to act. To get speed I swung the bow of the canoe outward, instead of backing away. The movement brought me a trifle nearer, yet gave me a chance to shoot by him. At the first sudden motion he leaped ; the red fire blazed out of his eyes, and he plunged straight at the canoe — one, two splashing jumps, and the huge velvet antlers were shaking just over me and the deadly forefoot was raised for a blow.

I rolled over on the instant, startling the brute with a yell as I did so, and upsetting the canoe between us. There was a splintering crack behind me as I struck out for deep water. When I turned,

at a safe distance, the bull had driven one sharp hoof through the bottom of the upturned canoe, and was now trying awkwardly to pull his leg out from the clinging cedar ribs. He seemed frightened at the queer dumb thing that gripped his foot, for he grunted and jumped back, and thrashed his big antlers in excitement; but he was getting more angry every minute.

To save the canoe from being pounded to pieces was now the only pressing business on hand. All 10 other considerations took to the winds in the thought that, if the bull's fury increased and he leaped upon the canoe as he does when he means to kill, one jump would put the frail thing beyond repair, and we would have to face the dangerous 15 river below in a spruce bark of our own building. I swam quickly to the shore and splashed and shouted and then ran away to attract the bull's attention. He came after me on the instant—*unh! unh! chock, chockety-chock!* till he was close 20 enough for discomfort, when I took to water again. The bull followed, deeper and deeper, till his sides were awash. The bottom was muddy, and he trod gingerly; but there was no fear of his swimming after me. He knows his limits, and they stop him 25 shoulder deep.

When he would follow no further I swam to the canoe and tugged it out into deep water. Umquenawis stood staring now in astonishment at the sight of this queer man-fish. The red light 5 died out of his eyes for the first time, and his ears wigwagged like flags in the winds. He made no effort to follow, but stood as he was, shoulder deep, staring, wondering, till I landed on the point above, whipped the canoe over, and spilled the 10 water out of it.

Adapted

**morose**: sullen. — **togue**: a large lake trout. — **Umquenawis**: Indian name for moose. — **wigwagged**: waved as signals.



## MAY DAY

JOHN WOLCOT

DOCTOR JOHN WOLCOT (1738-1819) was an English poet who wrote under the name of "Peter Pindar." He is best known as a writer of bright and amusing poems. Before his death he boasted that his poems had been translated into six different languages.

The daisies peep from every field,  
The violets sweet their odors yield ;  
The purple blossom paints the thorn,  
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,  
For this is nature's holiday.

5

10

Let lusty labor drop his flail,  
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail ;  
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,  
And Clodden yield to rest the plow.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,  
For this is nature's holiday.

15

Lo ! Sol looks down with radiant eye,  
And throws a smile around his sky ;  
Embracing hill, and vale, and stream,  
And warming nature with his beam.

20

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,  
For this is nature's holiday.

Clodden : a farmer. — Sol : the sun.

## THE STRENGTH OF DOUGLAS

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. When he was eighteen months old he was sent to the country for his health. For six years he was free in the open fields. He made friends with dogs and sheep, learned 5 to love the flowers, streams, and trees, and stored his memory with many an heroic tale and legend.

When he grew stronger he was sent to the Edinburgh high school, where his companions flocked around him to hear his stories. His university career was stopped by severe illness, and 10 for two years he did little but read from morning until bedtime. Poetry, history, and romances especially delighted him.

Later he was licensed as a lawyer, but found less pleasure in law than in exploring old castles and in packing away in a capacious memory scraps of poetry, quaint legends, and wild adventures of the border. An appointment as sheriff and some money from his marriage enabled him to give up the practice of law and to settle on the banks of the Tweed River, where literature became more and more the chief business of his life. From the quiet of this country home were sent forth in rapid succession 15 those poetical tales that aroused widespread admiration and enthusiasm. First came *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and this was followed by *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, *The Lord of the Isles*, and other poems. These were followed by a series of novels, called, from the first one of the series, the *Waverley Novels*. 20 These stories, simple, fresh, delightful alike to old and young, made the name and fame of Scott immortal.

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,  
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,

Held sad communion with himself :—  
“ Yes ! all is true my fears could frame ;  
A prisoner lies the noble Græme ;  
And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
The vengeance of the royal steel.  
I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
God grant the ransom come not late !

5

But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
And see ! upon the crowded street  
In motley groups what masquers meet !  
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
And merry morrice-dancers come.

10

I guess by all this quaint array,  
The burghers hold their sports to-day.  
James will be there ; he loves such show,  
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
As well as where, in proud career,  
The high-born tilter shivers spear.

15

I ’ll follow to the Castle-park,  
And play my prize ; — King James shall mark  
If age has tamed these sinews stark,  
Whose force so oft in happier days  
His boyish wonder loved to praise.”

20

25

The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,  
And echoed loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the deep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went.

5



10

And ever James was bending low  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.  
Gravely he greets each city sire,

Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—  
“Long live the Commons' King, King James!” 5  
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way.  
But in the train you might discern 10  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;  
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,  
And the mean burgher's joys disdained;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were each from home a banished man, 15  
There thought upon their own gray tower,  
Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
And deemed themselves a shameful part  
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out 20  
Their checkered bands the joyous rout.  
There morricers, with bell at heel  
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;  
But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
Bold Robin Hood and all his band,— 25

Friar Tuck, with quarterstaff and cowl,  
Old Scathelocke, with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,  
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John ;  
5 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
In archery to prove their skill.  
The Douglas bent a bow of might,  
His first shaft centered in the white,  
And when in turn he shot again,  
10 His second split the first in twain.  
From the King's hand must Douglas take  
A silver dart, the archers' stake ;  
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,  
Some answering glance of sympathy,—  
15 No kind emotion made reply !  
Indifferent as to archer wight,  
The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
20 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
And proud demanded mightier foes,—  
Nor called in vain ; for Douglas came.—  
For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
25 Whom senseless home his comrades bare.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring,  
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
As frozen drop of wintry dew.

Douglas would speak, but in his breast                        5

His struggling soul his words suppressed ;  
Indignant then he turned him where  
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
To hurl the massive bar in air.

When each his utmost strength had shown,                        10

The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky  
A rood beyond the farthest mark ;

And still in Stirling's royal park,                                15

The gray-haired sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas cast,  
And moralize on the decay

Of Scottish strength in modern day.

**motley:** mixed.—**masquers:** merrymakers in masks.—**morrice**  
**dancers:** leading figures in parades of the time. They impersonated popular characters like Robin Hood, etc.—**burghers:** free men of a village or borough.—**stark:** strong.—**coursers:** war horses.—**jennet:** a Spanish pony.—**acclaims:** shouts.—**peer:** lord.—**brooked:** bore.—**butts:** marks to be shot at.—**wight:** active.

## GRACIE OF ALABAMA

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR (1822-1874), an American poet of delicate fancy and rich imagination, was a native of Georgia. He lived near Columbus and spent his life as a busy physician. From childhood he was a melody lover, and, in the presence 5 of the beautiful, the pathetic, the heroic, or when touched by nature, he fell into song as naturally as birds do.

*Little Giffen*, *The Virginians of the Valley*, and *April Morning* are representative of his power.

## Gracie of Alabama

10                  Walked down the lines with Lee,  
Marking through mists of gunshot  
                The clouds of enemy.

Thrice Alabama's warning  
Fell on a heedless ear,  
15                  While the relentless lead-storm,  
                Converging, hurtled near ;

Till, straight before his chieftain,  
Without a word or sign,  
He stood, a shield the grandest,  
20                  Against the Union line.

And then the glass was lowered,  
A voice that faltered not

Said in its measured cadence,  
 “Why, Gracie, you’ll be shot!”

And Alabama answered,  
 “The South will pardon me  
 If the ball that goes through Gracie  
 Comes short of Robert Lee!”

5

Swept a swift flash of crimson  
 Athwart the chieftain’s cheek,  
 And the eye whose glance was knighthood  
 Spake as no king could speak.

10

And side by side with Gracie  
 He turned from shot and flame —  
 Side by side with Gracie  
 Up the grand aisle of fame.

**relentless**: without mercy. — **converging**: coming to one point.  
 — **hurtled**: rushed with a crashing sound. — **measured cadence**:  
 even tone.



## DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822), an English poet of high rank, had a short and unhappy life. Expelled from the University of Oxford for his religious views, he began his poetical career, in his nineteenth year, with his crude *Queen Mab*. Before he was 5 thirty delicate health drove him to the soft climate of Italy, where he and Lord Byron became fast friends. In 1822, while indulging in his favorite sport of boating, the young poet was drowned.

Shelley's restless, rebellious spirit found expression in many beautiful and powerful poems, but some of them are marred by 10 unwise attacks on society, government, and religion. Many of his shorter poems, such as *The Skylark*, *The Sensitive Plant*, and *The Cloud*, are models of poetic beauty and grace.

Day had awakened all things that be,—  
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,  
15 And the milkmaid's song and mower's scythe,  
And the matin bell and the mountain bee.  
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn ;  
Glowworms went out on the river's brim,  
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim ;  
20 The beetle forgot to wind his horn ;  
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,  
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
Fled from the brains which are their prey  
25 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

## DAFFYDOWNDILLY — I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the Garden of Eden.

15

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked

20

about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behind-hand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change to be sent away from the good lady's side and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short

distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had 5 a sort of kindness in it. "Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very frank disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He 10 hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of that disagreeable old 15 schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he 20 was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have 25 done many other things to make the journey

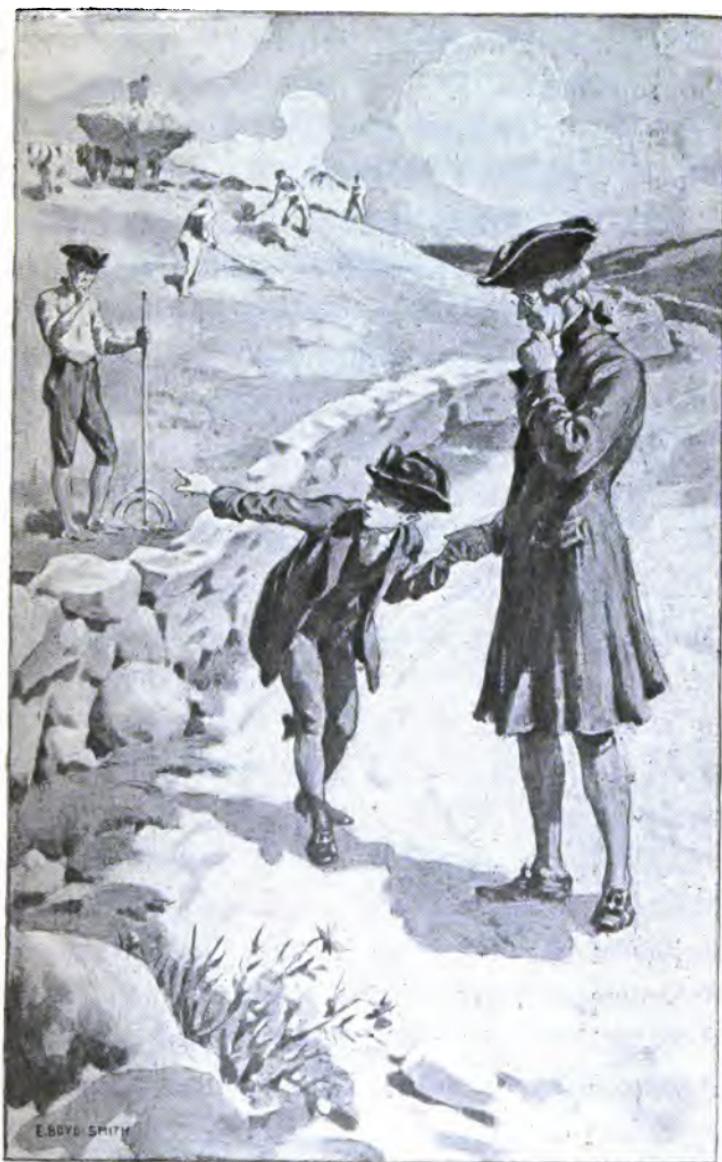
pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much more easily by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the 5 stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out 10 in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees 15 and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught 20 hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us."

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered 25 Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"



And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily 5 at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the hay-makers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old 10 farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the stranger. “This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of 15 his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won’t trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm.”

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his com- 20 panion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erect- 25 ing a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment, for it was a very pretty

sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broadaxes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the clapboards ; and he could not help thinking that he <sup>5</sup> should like to take a broadax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him again.

But just when he was delighting himself with <sup>10</sup> this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

“ Make haste ! Quick, quick ! ” cried he. “ There he is again ! ”

15

“ Who ? ” asked the stranger, very quietly.

“ Old Mr. Toil,” said Daffydowndilly, trembling. “ There ! He that is overseeing the carpenters. ‘ T is my old schoolmaster, as sure as I ’ m alive.”

## DAFFYDOWNDILLY — II

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly <sup>20</sup> pointed his finger, and he saw an elderly man with a carpenter’s rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished

house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually urging the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage  
5 the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

“Oh, no; this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster,” said the stranger. “It is another brother of his,  
10 who follows the trade of carpenter.”

“I am very glad to hear it,” quoth Daffydowndilly; “but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible.”

Then they went on a little farther, and soon  
15 heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what haste they could, and soon met a company  
20 of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively  
25 music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he

was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would surely never venture to look him in the face.

“Quick step! Forward, march!” shouted a loud, gruff voice.  
5

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil’s schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil’s own mouth. And, turning his eyes to 10 the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, 15 instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

“This is certainly old Mr. Toil,” said Daffy- 20 downdilly in a trembling voice. “Let us run away for fear he should make us enlist in his company.”

“You are mistaken again, my little friend,” replied the stranger, very composedly. “This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of 25 his, who has served in the army all his life. People

say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers  
5 any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and by and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with  
10 smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here!" cried he to his companion;  
15 "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away on Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and skill as if he had been a fiddler all his life.  
25 He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and

Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

“Oh dear me!” whispered he, turning pale. “It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!”

“This is not your old schoolmaster,” observed the stranger, “but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers.”

“Pray let us go a little farther,” said Daffydowndilly. “I don’t like the looks of this fiddler.”

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold, there was the image of old Mr. Toil! He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into

the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody who wore the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's many brethren.

- 5 Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there and take some repose.
- 10 "Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and  
15 heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old  
20 schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

- 25 "Oh, take me back! take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If

there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

"Yonder it is; there is the schoolhouse," said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had 5 traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. 10 Looking up into his face, behold, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil! So that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little 15 Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had 20 learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil he began to think that his ways 25 were not so very disagreeable, and that the old

schoolmaster's smile of approval made his face almost as pleasant as that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

**affirmed** : said. — **sedate** : calm and staid. — **besought** : begged.  
— **Monsieur le Plaisir** : Mr. Pleasure. — **Signor Far Niente** : Mr. Do-Nothing.

## HOPE

IRWIN RUSSELL

IRWIN RUSSELL (1853–1878) was born in Port Gibson, Mississippi, and educated at Washington University, St. Louis. He  
5 was, by special act of the legislature of Mississippi, admitted to the bar of that state when he was only nineteen years old. He died at the early age of twenty-five.

Russell was a clever caricaturist, a musician, a lover of nature, and a constant student of poetry. He was one of the first of our  
10 writers to use the negro dialect in verse.

No matter where we sail  
A storm may come to wreck us,  
A bitter wind to check us  
In the quest for unknown lands,  
And cast us on the sands,  
15 No matter where we sail.

Still in spite of storm,  
From all we feel or fear  
A rescue may be near:  
Though tempests blow their best,  
A manly heart can rest  
20 Still, in spite of storm.

## THE COMING OF ARTHUR

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE, an American author, lives in Montgomery, Alabama. Her *King Arthur and His Court* gives an interesting account of the knightly legend which has been so famous in our literature.



Who should be king save him who makes us free?

5

TENNYSON

When Uther Pendragon was king in Britain  
there lived in that country a wonderful magician  
named Merlin. Now this Merlin, though not a

bad man, was at one time persuaded to help the king do an evil deed. In return for this help Merlin exacted a promise from Uther that when a son should be born to the king, he, Merlin,  
5 should be allowed to have the child and rear him as he should choose.

The magician could read the future, and of course knew that a little prince would be born. He also knew that the king would die shortly,  
10 and that great dangers awaited his heir. Maybe the old magician made Uther promise to give the future prince to him that he might protect the lad in his tender years and prepare him to be king.

Time passed on, and a son was born to the  
15 king; but instead of the little prince's birth being received with rejoicings by a glad people, the infant heir to the proudest throne in Britain was slipped by night out of the castle gates and given to Merlin to be carried away; and nobody was told that a  
20 future king had come into the world.

King Uther trusted Merlin. He believed that the mighty magician would care for his son, and would in time bring Arthur (for so the child was named) to the throne which was rightfully his.  
25 And Merlin proved worthy of that trust. He gave the child to a good old knight, Sir Anton, to rear,

and himself watched over the boy through all the days which followed.

Nor was Merlin's the only hand that guided the steps of Arthur's youth. There came to the child from time to time three beautiful, mysterious queens, 5 who taught him many wonderful things.

But greatest among all the friends of his boyhood was the Lady of the Lake. No mere mortal was she, but a mystic being who dwelt down in the blue depths of the lake. 10

When Uther Pendragon died the unhappy land was for many years ravaged by rival knights, each of whom struggled to make himself king. It was during this dark period that Arthur, all unconscious of his kingly origin, grew up to 15 splendid manhood; grew up to catch the sunlight of a brighter day in his tresses, and the blue truth of heaven in his eyes. And no man save Merlin knew him to be King Uther's son.

Once, when Arthur and Merlin were walking 20 along the shore, the young prince complained that he had no weapon; when suddenly from out the bosom of the lake there rose a mighty arm, holding a splendid sword. Arthur rowed across and took the brand. When he examined the bright, jeweled hilt he found written on one side, "Take

me"; but when he turned the other side he read, "Cast me away." And his face was very sad till Merlin said, "Take thou and strike; the time to cast away is yet far off." Arthur took the sword  
5 and called its name "Excalibur" (cut steel).

Now when the time was ripe for Arthur to be declared king, Merlin advised the quarreling lords and barons to gather together on a certain day in the largest church in London, to see if God would  
10 not show them who should be king.

The people respected and feared the old magician; so at his suggestion a mighty concourse gathered on the day appointed, to wait for a sign from God.

When mass was ended, lo! Merlin stood before  
15 them with Arthur at his side. He placed the young prince on a high seat and proclaimed to the people, "Here is Uther's heir, your king!"

Then were loud shouts of denial, and a hundred voices cried: "Away with him! No king of ours!"

20 But Merlin by his magic caused Arthur to be crowned, and as "the savage yells of Uther's peerage died," Arthur's warriors cried, "Be thou the king, and we who love thee will work thy will!"

Then the people went down on their knees; and,  
25 lifting up their eyes, they beheld a sight so fair and wonderful that a hush fell upon the throng.

In the center of the dais sat the fair-haired king. Through the casement above him three rays of light — flame-color, green, and azure — fell upon three fair queens who had silently taken their places about him. No one knew whence they had come; but 5 they were ever by Arthur's side in time of need.

Merlin, the enchanter, stood beside him; and also near the king, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," was the Lady of the Lake.

Those who were truest and best, the flower of 10 Britain's chivalry, crowded about the king on his coronation day and desired that he knight them with his wonderful sword, Excalibur. As Arthur looked upon them his own truth and purity seemed mirrored in their faces. 15

In low, deep tones the young king administered to them the oath of knighthood. So sacred and so exalted were the vows which he required of them that, when they arose from their knees, their faces bore witness to the solemnity of the ceremony. Some were deadly pale, some flushed, and others dazed, "as one who wakes half blinded at the coming of a light." 20

**mystic:** mysterious. — **brand:** sword. — **concourse:** crowd. —  
**dais:** raised platform. — **samite:** a kind of silk cloth.

## FAIRY SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of English poets, was born in Stratford-on-Avon in 1564. Stratford was then a town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants.

His father, John Shakespeare, was, during the early years of 5 the poet's life, a prosperous man. He made and sold gloves, farmed land, and, although he probably could not sign his own name, held high offices in the town government. The poet's mother, Mary Arden, came of good family and was a landowner.

William was the oldest son. He no doubt went to the free 10 grammar school of the town. There he was in all probability taught not only English but some Latin and perhaps a little Greek. Later he may have studied French and possibly Italian.

About the time that Shakespeare was thirteen or fourteen 15 years old his father lost most of his property. As Shakespeare, now a bright, stirring, intelligent lad, was the eldest of the children, he no doubt had to quit school and help his family in some way. What he did to lighten the household load is not known. Some say that he was a butcher's boy, others that he taught a country school, still others that he worked in a lawyer's office.

20 We know, however, that in his nineteenth year he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than her boy husband. His first child, Susanna, was baptized in 1583. Twin children, Hamnet and Judith, were born in 1585. A few years later Shakespeare went to London to seek his fortune. There he 25 lived until about 1610. His family remained in Stratford during these years, but he seems to have visited them at regular intervals.

In his new home he became an actor, a writer of plays, and part owner of a theater. After a time he stood foremost among the gifted playwrights of his day. He saved money and invested 30 it in his native town. A few years before his death he returned to Stratford and lived in ease and comfort. He died in 1616.

As long as men read anything they will read *Lear* and *Hamlet*, *As You Like It* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Shakespeare's great historical plays.



Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be :  
In their gold coats spots you see ;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,  
In those freckles live their savors :  
I must go seek some dewdrops here  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

**thorough**: through. — **pale**: inclosure. — **sphere**: orbit or course. — **orbs**: rings or fairy circles. — **pensioners**: bodyguard. Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen attendants wore much gold lace on their coats.

## CHRIMHILDE'S TREASURES

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON (1820-1897), a gifted American poet, was born in Philadelphia, but spent most of her life in the historic town of Lexington, Virginia. She was the daughter of Reverend George Junkin, founder of Lafayette College, and for 5 many years president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). She married Colonel J. T. L. Preston, a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. Mrs. Preston died at the home of her son in Baltimore.

Count Conrad sate in his castle tower,  
10 And leaned his head on his mailed hands,  
As he gazed below on the leaguering foe  
Who battered his walls and spoiled his lands.

“I can do no more: not a crust is left;  
My men lie starved by the donjon keep;  
15 Sweet Chrimhilde alone gives forth no groan,  
As she rocks her boy on her breast asleep.

“If *they* were but saved!” and as he sighed,  
He heard her low footstep on the stair;  
And his stout heart bled as he turned his head  
20 To hide the trace of his blank despair.

There gleamed a hope in her sunken eye  
As she dropped at his side with a gesture fond,

And sought, in a way that would bide no nay,  
For leave to pass to the hosts beyond.

“Our archers perish : bare ten are left,  
And strengthless they, to draw the bow;  
But, if we must yield, give me thy shield,  
Nor question the errand on which I go.”  
5

“I ’ll seek the besieger in his camp,  
And hither will haste with his reply :  
Thine honor, be sure, is well secure  
With her who would live for thee, or die.”  
10

The Count looked up with a vacant air,  
As the slow nay rose to his lips so wan ;  
And he flung his arm as to clasp from harm  
The tender pleader, but — she was gone.

And, ere he could order his wildered thought,  
The postern opened and closed again ;  
And he saw, in affright, with pennon white,  
His Chrimhilde glide o’er the tented plain.  
15

“By the pity of God, your grace !” she cried,  
And on unchallenged her way she went,  
All weak as she was, till her step had pause  
In front of the startled chieftain’s tent.  
20

And stately she stood as stands a queen  
 Who sovrantly makes her mandates known :  
 “I have come to yield this dinted shield,  
 Sir Baron, if thou the terms will own.

5 “Count Conrad’s castles shall hence be thine,  
 If out of the garrison’s chosen men,  
 Who have nobly fought as the noblest ought,  
 Thou passest in freedom only ten.

“Count Conrad’s riches shall fill thine hands,  
 10 If forth thou grantest me leave to take  
 Some treasures I hold priced over gold :  
 Now promise it, for thy knighthood’s sake !”

The Baron all dazed by her royal mien,  
 And awed by her beauty, nothing loth  
 15 To answer a prayer so seeming fair,  
 Swore on the battered shield his oath.

“And now, my treasures — they are but twain,  
*Husband* and *child* — thou grantest so ?”  
 She paused : for reply, in the Baron’s eye  
 20 There sparkled a tear, as he bade her go.

**leaguering** : laying siege.—**donjon** (dǔn'jün) **keep** : the strongest part of a castle.—**postern** : small gate.—**mandate** : command.—**mien** : bearing.

## HIS WINGS AND TAIL

OLIVE THORNE MILLER

HARRIET MANN MILLER (1831- ), who has made her pen name of "Olive Thorne Miller" familiar to a generation of young readers, is a New York naturalist and lecturer on birds.

Among her popular books are *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur*, *Queer Pets at Marcy's*, *First Book of Birds*, *Bird Ways*, and *Our Home Pets*. 5

A bird's wing does not look much like a human arm and hand, yet the bones of each show that they are the same. The bird has a shoulder, elbow, and wrist, just as we have. He even has fingers, 10 though they are so covered by feathers that one would never know of their existence unless told of them. The bird has not so many fingers as we have and they are not movable as ours are.

A bird's wing is a wonderful flying machine, 15 which men have been trying to imitate these many years. It is made of long, stiff feathers, which fold down smoothly over one another at his side when he is resting, but which can be spread in an instant into a broad fan to beat the air and carry him away. 20

One would not think that feathers could have so much power, but when the wing is spread the barbs of the feathers hook together with tiny hooks so

small that a microscope is needed to see them. This hooking, aided by the overlapping of the edges of the feathers, makes the wing almost one solid surface.

5 Wings are not alike in shape. The wing of a swallow is long and narrow, while that of a grouse is short and round. We can tell by the shape of the wing how the bird flies.

A short, round wing shows that a bird has a  
10 strong flight for short distances. These wings are found mostly on heavy birds like grouse.

Water birds such as the petrel and the frigate bird have the longest wings. On the other hand, the shortest wings, also, are found among the  
15 water birds. These are found on such birds as the auks, birds that swim more than they fly.

All the feathers of the wing are named, and it will be well to remember that the long, stiff quills are called *remiges*, or "rowers." These are  
20 firmly rooted in the flesh and are the hardest to pull out. They are of the utmost importance to the safety of the bird.

Birds have another use for their wings. They are strong weapons with which either to defend  
25 themselves or to fight enemies. A large bird can give a severe blow with its wing, and when

pigeons fight, it is said that they hold up one wing to protect themselves, while with the other they strike at their enemy.

Sometimes wings serve as musical instruments. Woodcocks make whistling sounds with their wings as they fly, and mourning doves give out a softly murmuring noise with theirs. Ruffed grouse produce with theirs a rolling, drumlike sound, and other birds rattle theirs like castanets.

If wings are not used, they slowly become 10 smaller and weaker. Each generation of birds not using its wings finds them more and more useless, until after a time the wings are forceless and the birds cannot fly at all. This has happened, it is supposed, to the ostrich family and to some birds 15 living in the sea.

The tail of a bird is formed of an equal number of feathers arranged in pairs. The number of pairs is most often twelve. When spread the tail feathers are shaped like a fan, but when closed they lie 20 over one another with the middle pair on top.

The tail feathers are not always of the same length, and this difference in length makes a difference in the shape of the end of the tail. Sometimes the feathers are even; then the tail 25 is called square. Sometimes the middle feathers

are longer than the outside ones, and then the tail is said to be rounded or pointed. If the outside feathers are longest, the tail is forked.

The feathers of the tail are called *rectrices*, or 5 "rudders," because they are supposed to be used to steer or to direct the bird's course in flying. The tail is also used as a brake to check the speed in alighting.

The tail is used more than any other organ to 10 express the emotions. Some birds, like the catbird and the thrasher, keep their tails moving all the time, jerking them this way and that, and tossing them upward.

The tail feathers of woodpeckers and swifts are 15 not soft at the end as are those of other birds. In these birds the stems or shafts of the tail feathers project beyond the feathery part and are stiff like the tail of the sapsucker, or sharp like that of the chimney swift. These birds use their 20 tails as props to hold them against the tree trunk or chimney wall, and to help them in climbing.

Tail feathers are not so strongly rooted as wing feathers, and are easily pulled out. Sometimes when a man or boy tries to catch a bird by the 25 tail, the bird will escape, leaving the tail in the hands of the would-be captor.

## EVENING AT THE FARM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE (1827— ), an American poet and novelist, was born in Ogden, New York. He lived on a farm until he was seventeen years old. Being ambitious and bright, he taught himself Latin, Greek, and French, and kept up his other studies at school. For some years he united the 5 occupations of teacher and farmer. In 1874 he went to New York to do newspaper work. In 1878 he moved to Boston, and since that time has been actively engaged in editing and contributing to magazines and papers.

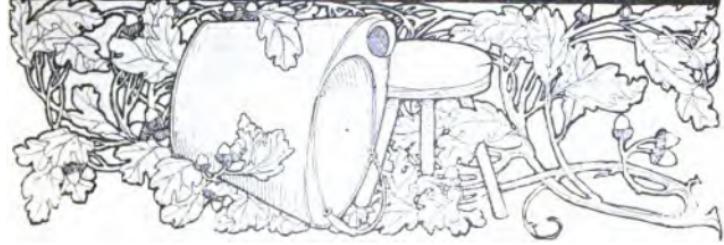
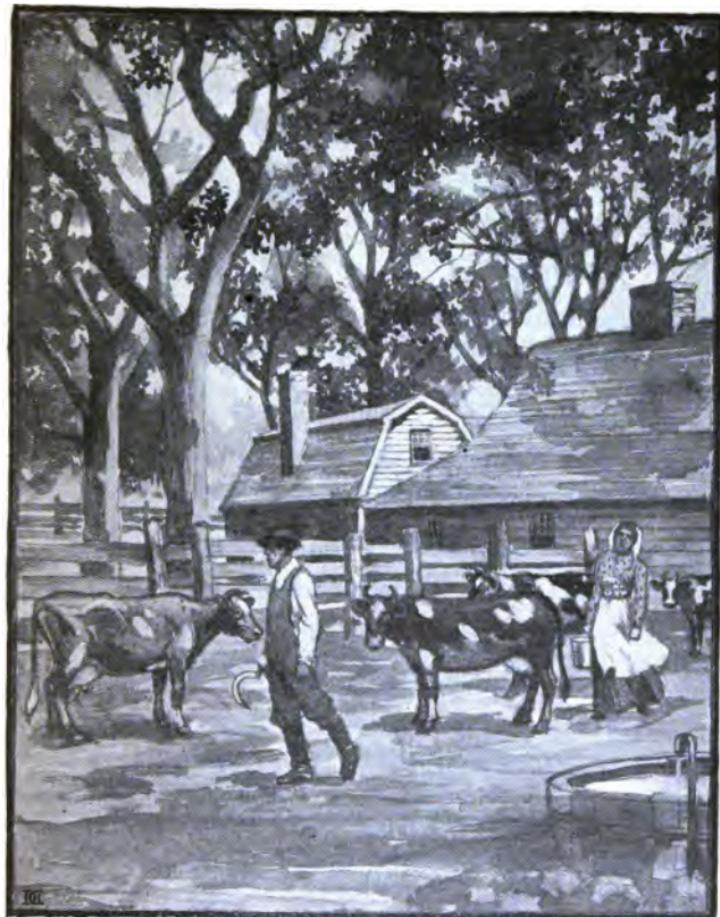
*The Vagabonds*, *The Charcoal Man*, and *Farmer John* represent 10 Mr. Trowbridge's best poetical work. In prose *The Two Biddicutt Boys*, *The Drummer Boy*, and many others have made his name familiar to a wide circle of young readers.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,  
His shadow lengthens along the land, 15  
A giant staff in a giant hand.  
In the poplar-tree, about the spring,  
The katydid begins to sing;  
The early dews are falling;  
Into the stone heap darts the mink ; 20  
The swallows skim the river's brink ;  
And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,  
Cheerily calling,  
“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !” 25

Farther, farther, over the hill,  
Faintly calling, calling still,  
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

- 5      Into the yard the farmer goes,  
With grateful heart, at the close of day;  
Harness and chain are hung away;  
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;  
The straw’s in the stack, the hay in the mow,  
The cooling dews are falling:  
10     The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,  
The pigs come grunting to his feet,  
The whinnying mare her master knows,  
When into the yard the farmer goes,  
His cattle calling:  
15     “Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”  
While still the cow-boy, far away,  
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—  
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

- Now to her task the milkmaid goes,  
20     The cattle come crowding through the gate,  
Lowing, pushing, little and great;  
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,  
The frolicsome yearlings brisk and jump,  
While the pleasant dews are falling:



The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,  
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,  
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,  
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

- 5           Soothingly calling,  
“ So, boss ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so ! ”  
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,  
Saying, “ So ! so, boss ! so ! so ! ”

- 10          To supper at last the farmer goes,  
The apples are pared, the paper read,  
The stories are told, then all to bed.  
Without, the cricket’s ceaseless song  
Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

- 15          The heavy dews are falling.  
The housewife’s hand has turned the lock ;  
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;  
The household sinks to deep repose,  
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

- 20          Singing, calling —  
“ Co’, boss ! co’, boss ! co’ ! co’ ! co’ ! ”  
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,  
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,  
Murmuring, “ So, boss ! so ! ”

## THE HERITAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and most of his life was spent in that university town. He was graduated from the academic department of Harvard University in 1838, and from the law department in 1840. For a few years after graduation he practiced law and wrote for 5 the magazines. As soon, however, as his pen earned a scanty support he closed his law office.

In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages in Harvard. Like most men of genius, Lowell was a tireless worker. According to George William Curtis, he often 10 worked fourteen hours a day. To his duties as teacher he added editorial work,—being editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for four years, and one of the editors of the *North American Review* for nine years.

In 1877 he was sent as United States Minister to succeed 15 Caleb Cushing at the court of Spain. In 1880 he was transferred to London as minister to England. Here Lowell's personal charm, combined with his ready humor, unusual learning, and power as a talker and as a speaker, made him a social favorite. His four years of successful diplomatic service did much 20 to bind closer the ties of friendship between England and America. Six years after his return from England he died at his beautiful home in Cambridge.

Lowell, in his many-sidedness, is one of our greatest men of letters. He was delightful as a letter writer, a critic whose criti- 25 cisms themselves are literature, a public man with large and healthful views, an orator fresh and vigorous, and a poet rich in imagination and culture.

The rich man's son inherits lands,

And piles of brick and stone, and gold, 30

And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
5 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
10 A living that would serve his turn ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;  
15 With sated heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

20 What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit, 5  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

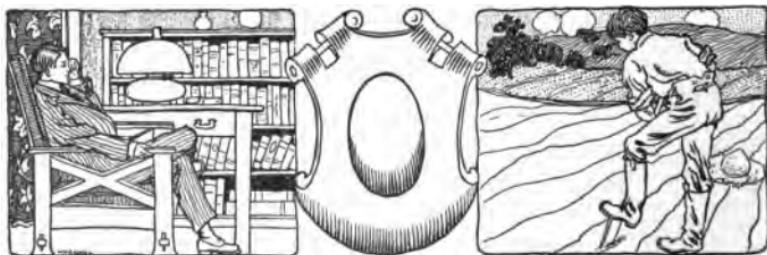
What doth the poor man's son inherit ? 10  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door ;  
A heritage, it seems to me, 15  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands ; 20  
This is the best crop from thy lands,  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;  
 There is worse weariness than thine,  
 In merely being rich and great ;  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;  
 5 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
 Are equal in the earth at last ;  
 10 Both, children of the same dear God,  
 Prove title to your heirship vast  
 By record of a well-filled past ;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

**heritage** : property or possessions handed down from one generation to another. — **to hold in fee** : to possess. — **sated** : surfeited. — **hinds** : peasants, servants. — **benign** : kindly.



## A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD (1859— ), author and journalist, was born in Bloomington, Illinois. He was educated in the public schools. In 1876 he went into journalism; in 1894 he founded and became the editor of *The Philistine*, published in East Aurora, New York. He is also proprietor of the Roycroft Shop, noted for its handsome and well-made editions of classic writers, and for its profit-sharing arrangements. 5

Mr. Hubbard was a newspaper correspondent during the Spanish-American War.

In all this Cuban business there is one man 10 who stands foremost in my memory. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountains of Cuba — no one knew 15 where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his help, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, “There is a 20 fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can.”

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared  
5 into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is  
10 this : McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia ; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at ?"

There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every  
15 college of the land ! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the backbone which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies ; do the thing — "Carry a message  
20 to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the  
25 stupidity of the average man,—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him.

You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

15

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie's doing it?

Is he dead?

20

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is

indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the  
5 will, this unwillingness to catch hold cheerfully and lift,—these are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all ?

- 10 We have recently been hearing much sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden worker of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowzy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work ; and his long, patient striving with "help" that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and  
15 factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are,  
20 this sorting continues ; only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer ; but  
25

out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best,—those who can carry a message to Garcia. Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming,<sup>5</sup> I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds,—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it,—nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence in poverty; rags are no recommendation;<sup>15</sup> and all employers are not grasping and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive,<sup>20</sup> without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off" nor has to go on a strike for higher wages.<sup>25</sup> Civilization is one long, anxious

search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village,—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly,—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

**insurgents:** all the Cubans who were on the side of the Americans during the war with Spain.—“**Where is he at?**”: a question once asked in a Congressional speech.—**concentrate:** unite.—**dowdy:** careless.—**Correggio:** a celebrated Italian painter.—**infirmity:** weakness.—**socialism:** a reform theory that looks to a more even distribution of capital and labor.

### THE GREENWOOD TREE

10

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall we see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892) was born at Somersby, England. His father's rectory was a quiet spot, far from the clamor of the world and the rumors of war that harassed England at that time. The boy grew up in a fairy-land of his own making, happy in the companionship of his brothers and sisters, playing games of chivalry and knight-errantry, or wandering through the country lanes of Lincolnshire.

The poet's first book was published while he was at college, and was the joint work of himself and his brother Charles. This was followed by another slender volume, which met with some ridicule and unfavorable criticism. Hurt, but not discouraged, Tennyson worked away by himself until, ten years later, he brought out two volumes which placed him at once among the greatest poets.

In 1850 Wordsworth died and Tennyson became poet laureate in his place. At his home in the Isle of Wight he lived an ideal existence, surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature and sheltered from the turmoil of city life. Yet Tennyson was



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always keenly alive to the public questions of the day,—a quality sharply contrasted with his delight in pure melody and beauty.

- Among his great poems are the *Idylls of the King*, celebrating  
5 the hero of his boyish days, King Arthur. *The Princess*, *Maud*,  
and *In Memoriam* are his other long poems, but his fame rests  
on some of his shorter ones as well. In skill in the poet's art, in  
fullness of imaginative power, in wide range of accurate knowl-  
edge, and in variety of thought Tennyson has had few equals.  
10 All things considered, he may be regarded as the most representa-  
tive poet of his time.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
15  
“Forward the Light Brigade !  
Charge for the guns !” he said :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
  
“Forward, the Light Brigade !”  
Was there a man dismay’d ?  
Not tho’ the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder’d :  
Theirs not to make reply,  
20  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;



Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
 Rode the six hundred.

5

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
 Flash'd as they turned in air  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
 All the world wonder'd :  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke  
 Right thro' the line they broke ;  
 Cossack and Russian

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15

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

5 Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
10 While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
15 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
O the wild charge they made !  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
20 Noble six hundred !

## THE KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN—I

WALTER SCOTT

The burning sun of Syria had not yet reached its zenith, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten as the traveler recalled the fearful catastrophe which had changed into this parched and blighted wilderness a valley which had once been fair and fertile and well watered even as the Garden of the Lord.

Crossing himself as he looked at the dark mass of rolling waters, the traveler shuddered as he remembered that beneath these waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose remains were hidden by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff upon its surface, and sends not, like other lakes, its waters to the ocean. The land as well as the lake might be called dead. Nothing in the way of plants grew on the shores, and the very air was without any sign of winged

insects, while the burning sun turned the waters of the lake into sulphurous clouds.

Upon this scene the sun shone with almost unbearable splendor. All living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, except the lonely figure which appeared to be the only breathing thing on the wide plain.

The dress of the rider and the trappings of his horse were unfit for the traveler in such a country.  
10 The knight wore a coat of mail with long sleeves, metal gloves, and a steel breastplate. Suspended around his neck was his shield, and upon his head was a helmet of steel. His lower limbs were also clothed in mail, and his feet rested in shoes of  
15 metal like the gloves. In his belt on one side was a broadsword with a handle framed like a cross, and on the other side was a slender dagger. He carried also, with one end resting on his stirrup, a long steel-headed lance to which was  
20 fastened a small flag. Over his armor there was a loose coat of cloth without sleeves. This was much worn and frayed, but was thus far useful, that it shielded the metal from the burning rays of the sun. Without it the knight could not have borne  
25 the intense heat. This garment had embroidered upon it in several places the owner's coat of arms,

which seemed to be a couchant leopard with the words, "I sleep — wake me not."

The horse's trappings consisted of a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a kind of breastplate, and behind with armor made to cover his loins. A steel ax hung at the saddlebow, the reins were held by chainwork, and at the front of the bridle was a steel plate with openings for the eyes and nostrils.

Nature, which had cast the limbs of the crusader in a mold of uncommon strength, had fitted him to wear his heavy armor with as much ease as if it had been formed of cobwebs. He possessed a constitution which was as strong as his limbs, and which could bear the greatest fatigue and exposure to all kinds of weather.

Nature had, however, her demands for rest and refreshment upon even the iron frame of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard. At noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees which arose beside the well at which he intended to stop and partake of his midday meal. His good horse, too, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his steps as he smelled afar off the living waters which marked the place

of rest and refreshment. But labor and danger were to come before the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

### THE KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN—II

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and came toward the knight at a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman. As he came nearer, his turban, long spear, and the flowing sleeves of his green vest, girdled at the waist, proved to the crusader that the horseman was a Saracen.

“In the desert,” says an Eastern proverb, “no man meets a friend.” The knight was quite indifferent whether the rider, who approached as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe; perhaps, as a champion of the Cross, he might have preferred the latter.

He loosened his lance from the saddle, seized it with his right hand, placed it in rest with its point half lifted, gathered up the reins in his left

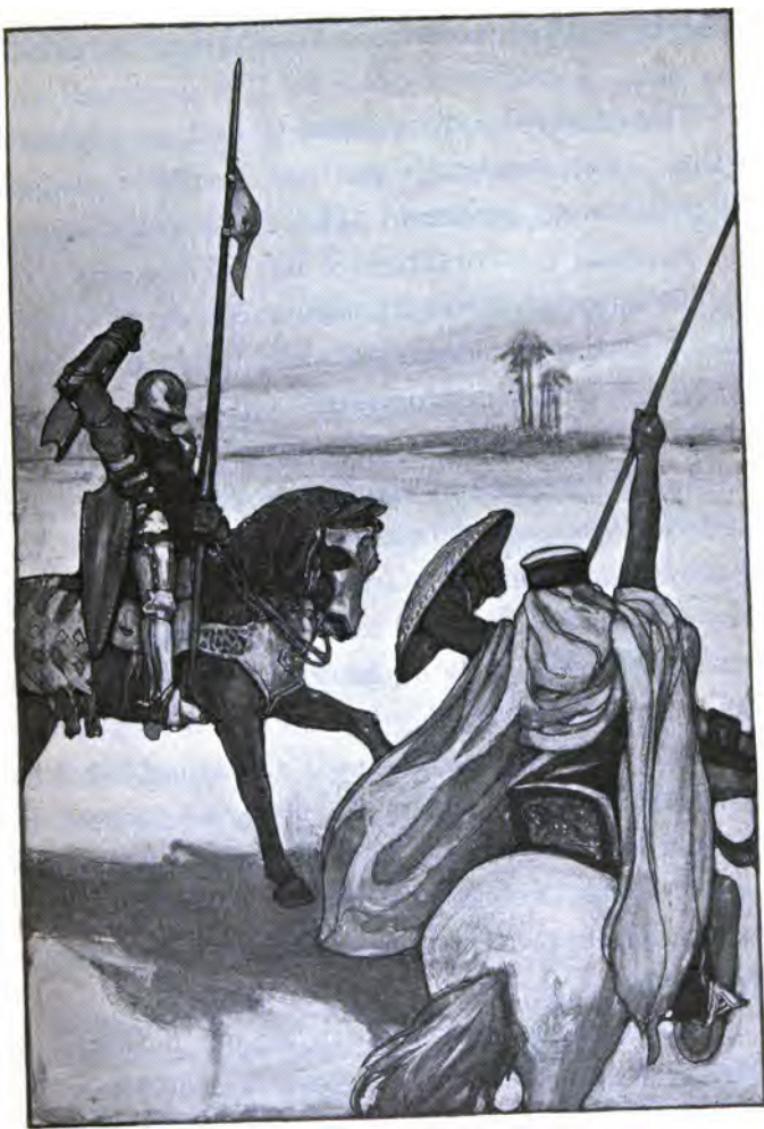
hand, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to meet the stranger with the calmness belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the bending of his body than by the use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand. On his arm he wore a light, round buckler, made of the skin of the rhinoceros, and ornamented with silver loops. His spear was not held like that of the crusader, but grasped by the middle with his right hand and raised at arm's length above his head.

As the Saracen approached at full speed he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to meet him. But the Christian, knowing well the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to tire his horse without good reason. Instead of doing as the Arab expected, the crusader made a dead halt. When the Saracen had approached to within twice the length of his lance, he wheeled his horse to the left and rode twice round the knight, who, without quitting his ground turned his horse, keeping his front constantly to his enemy, so that he could not attack him at any unguarded point.

The Saracen, wheeling his horse, retreated to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, he renewed the charge, and a second time retreated without coming to a close fight. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the knight, growing tired of this kind of warfare, suddenly seized the battle-ax which hung at his saddlebow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim hurled it against the head of his enemy. The Saracen became aware of the crusader's intention just in time to interpose his light buckler between the ax and his head; but the blow forced the buckler down upon his turban, and the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

Before the knight could do anything more, his foe sprang from the ground, called his horse to his side, and leaped into his saddle without touching the stirrup. The crusader in the meantime had recovered his ax, but the Saracen kept well out of the reach of that weapon of which he had so lately felt the force. Planting his long spear in the sand, he took a short bow which he carried on his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop once more, described two or three circles, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the knight. So unerring was the Arab's aim that only the



knight's armor saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh arrow seemed to find an unguarded point in the armor, and the crusader dropped 5 heavily from his horse. The Saracen dismounted to examine the condition of his fallen enemy, and to his surprise found himself suddenly within the grasp of the Christian, who had fallen in order to bring his foe within his reach.

10 Even in this deathly struggle the Saracen was saved by his quickness and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt in which the knight had fixed his hold, and, thus freeing himself, he mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with 15 the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the struggle he had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which had been fastened to the belt left in the knight's grasp. His turban also was lying at the feet of the victor. 20 These losses seemed to incline the Saracen to a truce. He approached the Christian with extended hand.

“There is now a truce between our nations,” he said; “wherefore should there be war between thee 25 and me? Let there be peace between us.”

“I am well contented,” said the Knight of the

Couchant Leopard ; “but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt keep the truce ?”

“My word was never broken,” answered the Saracen. “I ask no security from thee, brave knight, for I know that treachery seldom dwells 5 with courage.”

Such confidence made the crusader ashamed of his own doubts. “By the cross on my sword,” he said, laying his hand on his weapon as he spoke, “I will be a true companion to thee, Saracen, while our 10 fortune wills that we remain in company together.”

“There is no treachery in my heart toward thee,” replied his late foe ; “and now let us go to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I 15 was called to battle by thy approach.”

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard gave a ready and courteous assent ; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees. 20

From *The Talisman*

**zenith**: the point in the heavens directly overhead.—**cru-saders**: bands of Christian warriors who went to Palestine in order to get possession of the Holy Sepulcher.—**catastrophe**: dreadful event.—**couchant**: crouching.—**Saracen**: the Saracens, who were hostile to the Christians, were at this time in authority in Palestine.

## TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;

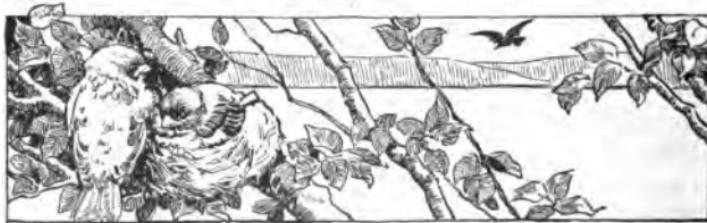
5           To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;

10           To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky;

15           To stay at home is best.



## THE RAINBOW

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850), an English poet of high rank, was born in Cumberland County, England. After leaving the University of Cambridge he traveled in France, just then on the verge of its terrible Revolution. The young poet was charmed by the promise of “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity” 5 made by the leaders of the Revolution, but later developments filled him with gloom, and he says that only his sister Dorothy’s influence kept alive the poetic spirit within him.

Wordsworth, in 1797, formed an intimate friendship with the poet Coleridge, and from this date his true poetical career may 10 be said to begin. In his cottage at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth lived an ideal life for a poet; he read little, thought much, wrote as the mood swept over him, and, in the company of his gifted wife and sister, set an example of “plain living and high thinking.”

Wordsworth was passionately fond of nature, and his most characteristic poems are full of exquisite descriptions and illustrations drawn from woods, rocks, flowers, clouds, streams, and mountains. 15

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky;

So was it when my life began;

20

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

25

Bound each to each by natural piety.

## THE DOG THAT LIED

JEAN AICARD

JEAN AICARD (1848— ), a French poet and story-teller, was born in London. He is the author of several volumes of poetry and some clever short stories.

I had trusted him for a long time; the fact is,  
5 we loved each other. He was a shepherd dog, snow-white, with a brown marking on the top of his head. I called him Pierrot. He may, perhaps, have been the son of a circus dog; at any rate, he could climb trees and ladders, and perform other  
10 odd tricks. He was fairly in love with a little wooden ball about the size of a billiard ball. One day he brought it to me, and, sitting on his haunches, said quite plainly: “Throw it away out on the grass. I’ll find it,—see if I don’t.”

15 I did as he wanted, and he succeeded perfectly. From that time on he became positively tiresome, for he was forever saying, “Let’s have a game of ball.” Every chance he got he would come rushing into my study with his ball in his mouth,  
20 and, standing on his hind legs, with his fore paws thrust into the midst of my papers, valuable manuscripts, and open books, he would exclaim:

"Look! here's the ball. Throw it out of the window and I will tear after it. It's great fun,—see if it is n't. Much more amusing than your old manuscripts and novels and plays and newspapers."

Out the ball would seem to go; out Pierrot would rush, but, poor fellow, only to be deceived; for no sooner was he outside than the ball would be laid on the table again to serve as a paper-weight. Pierrot, out on the lawn, would look and look; then, coming back under the window, he would cry out: "I say there, you literary fellow, this is a little too much! I can't find anything of the ball. The fact is, there's nothing here. And if a passer-by has n't taken it, then you have it, as sure as can be." 15

He would come upstairs again, poke his nose into my coat pockets, under the furniture, into the half-open drawers, and then, all of a sudden, with the air of a man who is struck with a bright idea, he would say, "I'll wager that's the ball there 20 on the table."

Of course I took good care not to wager with him, for it was in truth the ball. To hide it again I had to be quick, and then good-by to work. Those were lively times; Pierrot would leap after 25 the ball, bound to have it at any cost; he would

follow my slightest movements with the most agile countermotions, all the time in a broad smile,—smiling in the only way a dog can; that is to say, constantly wagging his tail.

5 Withal he was a good watchdog, and that's worth a great deal in the country. He often made me think of those men, changed by magic into dogs, of whom we read in fairy tales. The glance of his eye had a tender, deep, and beseeching quality,  
10 which seemed to say apologetically: "Don't ask too much of me. I am only what you see—a dog with four paws; but my heart is a human heart, a better one, indeed, than most men possess. Sorrow has taught me much; I have suffered much.  
15 I suffer even at this moment because I am not able to express to you, in words like your own, my good will and affection. Yes, I am devoted to you. I love you with the faithful love of a dog. I would die for you if necessary. Your property  
20 is my sacred trust. If anybody meddles with it, let them look out for themselves."

But, notwithstanding, we quarreled one day, and it was a bitter disappointment to me. Those who put their trust in dogs will understand my  
25 feelings. This is the way it happened.

The cook had killed two pigeons.

"I will serve them with peas," she said to herself.

She went into the storeroom to get a basket into which to put the feathers as she plucked the pigeons. When she came back into the kitchen she cried out in alarm. One of her pigeons had 5 flown, and yet she had n't been gone from the room more than two seconds. A tramp going by had undoubtedly thrust his arm through the open window and stolen the bird. She rushed out to capture the tramp. Not a soul to be seen! Then she 10 thought to herself, "The dog!" But, seized at once with remorse, she mentally added, "What a shame to suspect Pierrot! He's never stolen a mouthful. Why, he'd stand watch all day over a leg of mutton without smelling it, even if he 15 were hungry. Moreover, there he is, still in the kitchen, lazily sitting on his haunches, with half-closed eyes, yawning from time to time. No, he's thinking precious little about my pigeons."

True enough; there was Pierrot, half dozing, 20 seemingly utterly indifferent to all going on about him. I was called.

"Pierrot!"

He turned his sleepy eyes toward me as if saying: "Eh! what did you say, master? I was so 25 comfortable. I was just thinking of the ball."

“Ah! of the ball,” said I; and then to the cook : “I am of your opinion, Catherine ; Pierrot did not steal your pigeon ; if he had, he would be busy plucking it at the bottom of some ditch or other, 5 you may depend upon it.”

“Nevertheless, look at him, sir,” said Catherine. “That dog has n’t the look of an honest Christian.”

“What ! would you say — ”

“I say that at this very moment he has a guilty 10 look about him.”

“Look at me, Pierrot !” I said sharply. Hanging his head a little, he at once replied, in a somewhat grumbling tone : “Should I be quietly sitting here if I had stolen your pigeon ? No, certainly 15 not ; I should be busy plucking it.”

He was serving me with my own argument. This looked suspicious.

“Look at me,” I ordered him ; “straight in the face — like this.”

20 He put on an air of indifference. There was no longer any room for doubt in my mind. I turned sorrowfully to Catherine and exclaimed : “Ah, what a pity ! it is he who is guilty. I am sure of it. It is he.”

25 I assure you, reader, that I am very serious when I say that what I saw in the eyes of that dog came

upon me like a painful shock. I had distinctly seen there *a human lie*. He had tried to throw a false appearance of sincerity into his look, and had utterly failed; for it is impossible even for man to do it. As for Pierrot, he exhausted himself in vain 5 effort. The deep desire to deceive was, in his very eyes, struggling with the feeble show of sincerity which he succeeded in bringing into play. The accomplished lie was a sadder revelation of his guilt than actual proof. Nevertheless, in order to 10 be blameless in the matter, I wanted certain proof.

With a deceiver, deception is excusable.

“Here,” I said to the guilty dog, “you may have this”; and I gave him the odd pigeon. He looked at me and said thoughtfully to himself: “Hum! 15 This is surprising. I see you suspect me and want to detect me. Otherwise, why now give me a pigeon? Such a thing never happened before.”

He lifted the pigeon in his mouth and then slowly put it down on the ground, saying, “I’m 20 at least not a fool.”

“But it’s yours,” I said; “I tell you, it’s yours. Don’t you like pigeons? Very well; take this one. Besides, I had two of them, and I needed two. I can’t do anything with one. I tell you again, this 25 is for you.”

I patted him, thinking all the while: " You wretched thief ! you have betrayed my confidence as if you were a mere man. You are a knavish beast !" adding aloud, " Good old Pierrot ! brave old Pierrot ! fine fellow ! "

On this he decided to accept my gift, picked up the pigeon, rose, and went out slowly, not, however, without turning his face toward me several times, as if trying to read my real mind. As soon as 10 he was outside I closed the door and looked out through the glass panels on the side to see what he would do. He took a few steps as if he proposed to go to some out-of-the-way place to eat his prize ; then he stopped, dropped the pigeon on the ground, 15 and pondered for a long time. Several times he turned his deceitful eyes toward the door ; then he gave up trying to find a satisfactory explanation of the situation, contented himself with the facts as they were, picked up his pigeon, and 20 walked off. And as he disappeared, his drooping tail, which had expressed timidity and hesitation in all its motions during our conversation in the kitchen, assumed an air of more self-respect, as if Pierrot were saying : " Bah ! Take things 25 as they come. Nobody cares for me. A jolly life's the thing."

I followed him at a distance and surprised him in the act of digging a hole in the ground with his paws in a very lively fashion. The pigeon I had given him was lying beside the hole on which he was working. I dug the hole a little deeper myself, 5 and behold! there was the stolen pigeon skillfully hidden. I was confounded. My good friend Pierrot not only followed the habits of his forefathers, the foxes and wolves, and buried his food, but he followed the habits of civilized life, *and had learned* 10 *to lie!* In the presence of the falsifier I gathered and tied together some of the largest feathers of my two pigeons, like a small feather duster, and put them on my study table. After that, whenever Pierrot brought me his ball, saying with a frank 15 and open smile: "What! working? Stop and have a game with me,"—I would lift the little feather duster, and Pierrot would hang his head, his tail would droop between his legs in shame, the ball would fall from his mouth, and he would 20 sadly exclaim, "Will you never forgive me?"

"You do not love me," I said to him one morning; "no, you do not love me, for you lied to me, and lied after thinking it over."

A kindly voice — whose it was or whence it came 25 I do not know — replied: "Yes, he does love you,

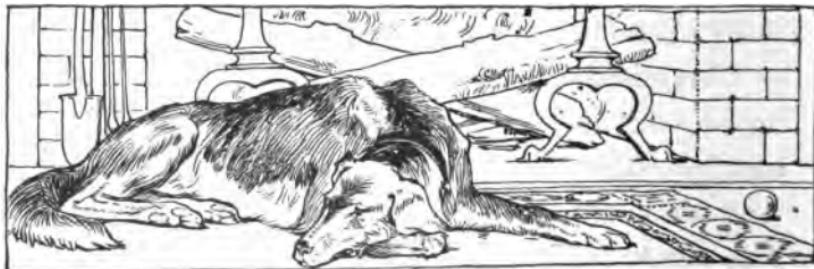
my friend, and you still love him sincerely. He has been sufficiently punished by this time. Let bygones be bygones."

I picked up the little feather duster, and yet on  
5 this occasion Pierrot did not seem to fear it. "You see it for the last time," I said. "Thus shall the record of your guilt perish"; and I threw the thing into the fire. Pierrot, gravely seated on his haunches, watched it burn. Then, without any  
10 burst of emotion, without leaps or bounds, but simply, nobly, he came to lick my hand. A feeling of indescribable happiness filled my heart. It was the happiness of forgiving.

And in a low voice my dog said to me: "I know  
15 what you feel; I know that happiness, too. For how many things have I forgiven you without your knowing it!"

From the French

**agile countermotions:** quick motions made to check or match those of an opponent.



## THE BRAZEN HEAD

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

There was once a wise man named Roger Bacon. In his day the wise men were almost always members of some religious order, and Roger Bacon was of the order of Friars, and so came to be known as Friar Bacon.

5

It was a time when learned men were trying to do all manner of vain things. They thought to discover some wonderful draught which would make men live forever. They tried to find some means by which they could turn lead or iron into 10 gold, and they fancied there was a kind of powder which would do this; this powder they called the Philosopher's Stone.

So they mixed all kinds of powders and liquids; they were forever at work over their charcoal fires, 15 and as each one wished to be the great discoverer, they all worked in secret chambers and behind closed doors.

Thus they came to be thought of as workers in magic, and people looked curiously at them and 20 were rather afraid of them. These wise men needed servants to fetch and carry for them, and they

sometimes chose servants who were dull, for they did not wish any one who was near to them to know what they did.

Friar Bacon worked much in his cell, and he  
5 had a friend, Friar Bungey, whom he trusted. He had also a merry fellow for a servant, named Miles. Friar Bungey knew what Friar Bacon was doing, but Miles never bothered his head about his master's work.

10 Now Friar Bacon had a great love of England, his country. And as he read in old histories, he saw that more than once people had come across the waters and conquered England. He bethought himself how he could defend the country, and  
15 thought if he could only build a great brass wall about England he could defend it.

As he thought longer, this did not seem possible; and then he thought if he could station a brass man here and there, at points where soldiers would  
20 land, and if he could make the brass man speak, he might defend his country in this way; for anybody would be afraid who came near the coast and saw a brass man, and heard him shout.

So he and Friar Bungey set to work and made  
25 a Brazen Head. They fashioned jaws, and tongue, and teeth, and all other parts of the inside of a

head, and set them carefully within the Brazen Head. But though there was everything with which to speak, the Brazen Head said never a word.

They were sore perplexed; they read and they studied, but could find out nothing. So then they did what the wise men of those days did when everything else failed. They went by night into a wood, and there all by themselves they called on the Evil Spirit to come out of the darkness and tell them what they were to do.

I do not know why they should call on the Evil Spirit, and not on the Good Spirit, but that is the way the story runs. So after they had coaxed and threatened the Spirit, they got this answer. They were to take six herbs, or simples as they were called, and make a hot fire and steam these simples until they were a strong fume, and this fume they were to let rise into the Brazen Head.

This they were to do, and to watch the fume steadily. Some time or other, perhaps in a month or less, the fume would work and the Brazen Head would speak, and then they would know how it was done.

So back to their cell went the two friars. They got the precious simples and steamed them, and

watched the hot fumes night and day, night and day. But after about three weeks of this, they grew terribly sleepy, and though they tried to keep each other awake, it was plain that they 5 might both be asleep when the Brazen Head should speak. That would never do ; so Friar Bacon called his servant Miles.

“ Miles,” said he, “ sit you here and watch. This Brazen Head is about to speak, but Friar Bungey 10 and I have watched so long that we must needs sleep. We look to you to take our place. Have no fear, but the moment you hear the Head speak, on that instant come quickly and wake us.”

Miles was a faithful fellow, and he promised 15 Friar Bacon that he would do as he was bid. So the two friars lay down, and in a twinkling were fast asleep. Miles now was left to himself, and to keep awake he played on a fiddle he had and began singing a song, which he made up as he went along. 20 So he kept awake, and by and by there was a great rumble and quaking sound, and the Brazen Head opened its mouth and spoke just two words,

“ TIME IS.”

“ Well, well,” quoth Miles to himself ; “ that’s 25 no news. I’ll not wake master for that. Go to,

old Brazen Head!" said he, aloud. "Hath the great Friar Bacon worked at thee all these months, and this is all that comes of it? 'Time is'? I'll warrant thee, old Boy:

5

"Time is for some to eat,  
Time is for some to sleep,  
Time is for some to laugh,  
Time is for some to weep."

So honest Miles sang to the tune of his fiddle, and made up verse upon verse, wagging his head 10 and laughing at that great Brazen Head. A half an hour more, and the mouth opened again, and there came forth the words,

"TIME WAS."

"Sure enough," said Miles, scornfully; "and 15 d'ye think I would wake my master to tell him that great piece of news? 'Time was,' indeed! Away with ye!

20

"Time was when thou a kettle  
Wert filled with better matter;  
But Friar Bacon did thee spoil  
When he thy sides did batter."

And so did merry Miles sing to another jolly tune.

Another half hour passed. Then there came 25 a deep rumbling and grumbling sound, and the

Brazen Head opened its mouth once more and clang'd out,  
“TIME IS PAST,”

and thereat it fell over on its face and brake all  
5 to bits. And there was a terrible noise, and there  
were great flashes of fire, so that poor Miles was  
half dead with fear. He dropped his fiddle and  
fell on his knees, and the room was full of smoke.

Now the noise and the smoke were so horri-  
10 ble that Friar Bacon and Friar Bungey suddenly  
waked. They rushed into the cell, and there they  
saw Miles beating his breast and crying out, and  
on the floor lay the Brazen Head all in bits.

“What is this! what is this!” cried Friar  
15 Bacon. “What hast thou done?”

“Sure, it fell down all of itself!” shouted Miles.

“And did he not speak? Did he say nothing?”

“Nothing at all, at all,” quoth Miles, “but just  
some senseless words. A parrot could say more.”

20 “Out upon you!” said Friar Bacon, lifting his  
hand to strike the wretch. “If you had called us  
when he spake, we should all have been great  
men, for we should have done that which would  
have saved England from all her foes. What did  
25 the Brazen Head say?”

“It said, ‘Time is,’ the first time,” quoth Miles.



"Ah!" said Friar Bacon; "you have undone us. Had you called us then, we should have been in time. Did it speak again?"

"Aye, sir, that it did, half an hour afterward; 5 and it just said, 'Time was.'"

"Woe, woe! if thou had called us then!" said Friar Bungey, shaking his head.

"Sure, sir," said Miles, "I thought it would be telling some long tale, and then I would have 10 waked ye; but it kept quiet for half an hour, and then it babbled out, 'Time is past,' and fell down head first, and there was such a clatter that I had no need to wake ye. The old beast would have waked the dead."

15 Then Friar Bacon was wroth, and would have let his hand fall heavy upon poor Miles, but Friar Bungey told him it was a shame to strike so ignorant a man. Friar Bacon withheld his hand, but he made Miles dumb for the space of a month 20 in punishment, though to be sure there was not much that Miles had to say. So nothing came of the Brazen Head, and England had to content herself with live men to guard her gates.

From *The Book of Legends*. Copyright, 1899. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Friars: a religious band or order. — **bethought himself**: considered, called to mind. — **wroth**: angry.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), often called the "Quaker Poet," was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. His home was a busy, methodical, economical one. To pay his next term's school dues young Whittier worked all one winter making slippers, which he sold for eight cents a pair. "He calculated so closely every item of expense," says Pickard, his biographer, "that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had." He made the most of his few years at school, and was "always a glutton to read." 10

While Whittier was still "a barefoot boy," a copy of the poems of Robert Burns fell into his hands. The glowing lines of the great Scottish peasant created within the boy a desire to become a poet. This desire never left him, and, in spite of poverty and limited education, he became a poet of no mean rank. 15

His first verses, according to a family tradition, were written on the beam of his mother's loom. His schoolmates say that he was in the habit of covering his slate with rhymes.

In later life a friendship with William Lloyd Garrison, the antislavery agitator, drew him fiercely into the movement against 20 slavery, and for some years his body and mind were so disturbed that he had little time for purely literary work.

Later on, in his home at Amesbury, comfortable from the sale of his poems and enjoying rest after the storm, he wrote many of the songs and poems now familiar to all Americans. 25

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;

With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
5 From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy !  
Prince thou art,— the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
10 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

15 Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
20 Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
25 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;

How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,       5  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans.  
Of gray hornet artisans !                   10  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy, —              15  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.               20  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
For my taste the blackberry cone           25

Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
5 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides !  
Still as my horizon grew,  
10 Larger grew my riches too ;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

15 Oh for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread ;  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
20 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
25 And, to light the noisy choir,

Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch : pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can ! 5  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
Every evening from thy feet 10  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod, 15  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;  
Happy if they sink not in 20  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

**habitude** : habit, way. — **artisans** : workmen. — **eschewing** :  
avoiding. — **apples of Hesperides** : fabled apples of gold, guarded  
by the daughters of Hesperus.

## GUDBRAND OF THE MOUNTAIN

There once lived a man whose name was Gudbrand; and as he owned a farm in a remote spot on the slope of a mountain, people called him Gudbrand of the Mountain.

- 5 He lived so happily with his wife, and they agreed so well, that she thought everything her husband did was for the best, and that it could not have been improved upon. This worthy couple were the owners of a piece of arable land, and  
10 had a hundred dollars in their strong box, besides a couple of cows in the stable. One day the wife said to Gudbrand: "I think that we might take one of the cows to town and sell it, for we ought to have a few shillings in our purse as other folk  
15 have, particularly as we don't wish to touch the hundred dollars in the chest. And really I don't know what we should want with more than one cow, and I shall be the gainer by having only one to attend to, instead of being bothered with two."
- 20 Gudbrand thought this was all very reasonable and very proper; so he immediately took the cow and went to town to sell it. But it happened that there was nobody in the town that was willing to buy the cow.

"Never mind," thought Gudbrand; "I'll go home again with my cow; I have both stable and yoke ready for her, and the way is no longer going than coming"; and with this cheering thought he plodded homewards in the most contented mood.

5

He had not gone far before he met a man with a horse that he wanted to sell. Now Gudbrand



thought it was better to have a horse than a cow, so he made an exchange with the stranger.

When he had gone a little further he met another man, who was driving a fat pig before him, and then Gudbrand thought it would be still better to have a fat pig than a horse, and so he exchanged with the man. He then went on, and after a while he met a man with a goat. "It is certainly better anyhow to have a goat than a pig," thought Gudbrand; and again he made an

15

exchange with the owner of the goat. He now went a good deal further, till he met a man with a sheep, and with him he likewise made an exchange, on the principle “that it is always better 5 to have a sheep than a goat.” On going further he met a man with a goose, and then Gudbrand exchanged his sheep against the goose. After this he went a long, long way, till he met a man with a cock, and he once more made an exchange; for 10 he thought, “After all, it is still better to have a cock than a goose.”

He then walked on and on till it began to grow late, when, feeling very hungry, he sold the cock for threepence, with which he bought something 15 to eat; “for after all,” he reasoned, “it is better to bring one’s self back safe and sound than to bring home a cock.” He then sped on his way, till he reached the farm of his nearest neighbor, where in he went just as the plowboy was driving home 20 the cattle.

“Well, how did you fare in town?” inquired the good folk.

“Why, but so-so,” answered Gudbrand. “I can’t say much for my luck, neither have I much reason 25 to complain.” And hereupon he related all that had happened from beginning to end.

"Well, I'm sure you'll get a warm reception from your wife when you reach home," quoth the farmer. "I should n't like to be in your shoes."

"Things might have gone worse, however," replied Gudbrand, "and I have such an excellent wife <sup>5</sup> that she never scolds me, let me do what I will."

"That may be," said the man; "yet somehow I can't believe it."

"I will wager a hundred dollars," said Gudbrand.

"Done!" said the neighbor; and as twilight <sup>10</sup> was now coming on, they both set out for Gudbrand's farm. When they had reached it the neighbor remained outside the door, while Gudbrand went in to his wife, and they began to talk in the following manner. <sup>15</sup>

"Good evening," said Gudbrand of the Mountain, as he walked into the room.

"Good evening," replied the wife. "Praised be God! You are come back again, are you?"

Sure enough, he was back. Then the wife in- <sup>20</sup> quired how he had got on in town. "But so-so," answered Gudbrand. "I can't much boast of my luck. On reaching town nobody would purchase my cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Aye; there, indeed, you do deserve my thanks," <sup>25</sup> said she. "We are so well off that we may as well

drive to church as other people; and if we have the means of getting ourselves a horse, why should not we? Pray, goodman, go and bring him in."

"Well," replied Gudbrand, "I have n't the horse exactly, for, after going on a bit, I changed it for a pig."

"No! did you?" cried the wife. "Why, that's the very thing I should have done myself! Thank you a thousand times, my dear husband. Now I shall have some bacon in the house to offer the folk that come to see us. What, indeed, do we want with a horse? People would only say that we had grown too grand to walk to church as we used to do. Prithee, go and fetch in the pig."

"But I have n't the pig any more than I have the horse," said Gudbrand; "for, on going somewhat further, I changed it for a milch goat."

"Why, what capital notions you always have!" exclaimed the wife; "for when I come to think of it, what do we want with a pig? People would only say, 'They are eating up their substance.' But now I have a goat, I can have milk and cheese, and without parting with the goat either."

"But I have n't any goat either," answered Gudbrand; "for on going a little further, I changed the goat for an excellent sheep."

“Now, did you?” cried the wife. “Well, to be sure, you have done everything that I could have wished, just as if I had been at your elbow all the time. What, indeed, should we want a goat for? I should have always been running after it, and climbing up hill and down dale. But with a sheep, I shall not only have wool to make clothes with but something to eat into the bargain. So prithee, goodman, go and fetch the sheep in.”

“But I no longer have the sheep,” said Gudbrand; “for, when I had gone a little further, I exchanged it for a goose.”

“Oh, thank you a thousand times over for that!” cried the wife; “for what could I have done with the sheep? I have neither distaff nor spindle, nor do I want them either, for we can just as well go on buying as we have done hitherto. And now I shall have an opportunity of tasting a bit of goose, which I have hankered after so long, and of stuffing my pillows with down. So now, goodman, go and fetch in the goose.”

“Aye, but I have no goose to fetch,” replied Gudbrand; “for, after going a little further, I changed it for a cock.”

“Only think now of your hitting on the very thing I should have chosen!” exclaimed the wife.

“Why, a cock is for all the world as good as if you had bought an alarm watch, for the cock crows every morning at four o’clock, and so we shall be sure to be stirring betimes. After all, we did not 5 want a goose, for I don’t know how to dress goose’s flesh ; and as to my pillow, I can stuff it with sea-weeds just as well. So go your ways, goodman, and fetch the cock.”

“But I have no cock either,” said Gudbrand ; 10 “for, after going somewhat further, I felt so tremendously hungry that I sold the cock for three-pence, in order to be able to come home alive.”

“And right well did you do ! ” cried the wife. “Let you set about what you will, you are sure 15 to do everything just to my liking. What does it matter whether we have a cock or not ? Surely we are our own masters, and can lie in bed of a morning as long as we please. And now, thank God that I have got you back again,—you who are so 20 clever at everything,—I want no cock, or goose, or pig, or cow.”

Gudbrand now opened the door. “Have I won the hundred dollars ? ” cried he. And the neighbor was forced to own that he fairly had.

From an old legend

**arable**: fit for plowing. — **quoth**: said.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821), one of the most imaginative of English poets, was born in London. At the age of fifteen he began the study of medicine, but he soon gave up his profession.

Keats's *Endymion*, published when he was twenty-two, was severely criticised. His next volume, containing the exquisite *Eve of St. Agnes*, *Hyperion*, *To a Nightingale*, etc., was received with general favor. But the brilliant young poet was already dying with consumption. He went to Naples and Rome only to find a foreign grave, over which he asked that this inscription be put: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." 10

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;

That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead 15

In summer luxury, — he has never done

With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost 20

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there  
shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills. 25

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859), charmingly imaginative and creative as a story-teller and delightful as a biographer and historian, was the first American author to win European admiration. Although his early home was a home of love, yet so strict were the religious ideas of his stern Presbyterian father that Irving says, "I was led to think that everything which was pleasant was sinful." The lad's delicate health forbade a college training, but an early familiarity with good literature and an intense love for reading made up in part for the lack of systematic training.

Irving's humorous *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, "a piece of rollicking fun," followed in 1819 by the *Sketch-Book*, containing his inimitable *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, made his a household name among all the English-speaking nations. *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveler*, *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Companions of Columbus*, *The Alhambra*, following his first book in steady succession, sustained his reputation. Among his later books are *Astoria*, *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, and lives of Goldsmith and Mahomet. He closed his brilliant career with a life of Washington, for whom he was named.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and St. Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was

roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it and beheld before him a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian, 5 and one to be trusted. Will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Señor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer your- 10 self to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the door of a house. The 15 priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was led through an echoing corridor and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the 20 building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the center was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a 25 small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand

for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before day-break the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and, having again blindfolded him, conducted him 5 back to his dwelling.



"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Señor Padre, provided I am so well paid."

10 "Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words. He followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on seeing three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and put them in their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work were blotted out. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal

he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, whence he made the best of his way home, and reveled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious, shaggy eyebrows.

15     “ I am told, friend, that you are very poor.”

“ There is no denying the fact, señor; it speaks for itself.”

“ I presume, then, that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap.”

20     “ As cheap, my master, as any mason you can find in Granada.”

“ That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, which costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live 25 in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible.”

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord; "it was 10 an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and some church officers went to take possession 15 of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there is no taking the law of a dead man. 20 The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and a moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name 25 on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

“Enough,” said the mason sturdily. “Let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant presents himself, and I will engage to put it in repair and to quiet the troubled spirit that <sup>5</sup> disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he come in the shape of a big bag of money.”

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house <sup>10</sup> and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the dead priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a <sup>15</sup> word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Granada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault <sup>20</sup> until on his deathbed to his son and heir.

**cadaverous**: pale, ghastly.—**Señor Padre**: a title of respect applied to priests. In English we say simply Father.—**hood-winked**: blindfolded.—**ponderous**: heavy.—**was accosted**: was spoken to.—**curmudgeon**: a miserly fellow.—**taking the law**: going to law.—**daunted**: frightened.

## HOW ROBIN HOOD SHOT BEFORE QUEEN ELEANOR<sup>1</sup>

HOWARD PYLE

HOWARD PYLE (1853— ), artist and author, was born in Wilmington, Delaware. He studied art in New York, and early began to furnish the periodical press with illustrated articles in both verse and prose. *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, from which the following selection is taken, is deservedly popular with a host of young readers. 5

And now the fame of Robin Hood had spread far and wide, until at last it reached even to the ears of Queen Eleanor in famous London Town. “Fain would I see this bold yeoman,” quoth she; 10 “and fain would I behold his skill with the long-bow of which we have heard so much.”

Under the greenwood tree, in the cool shade that spread all around upon the sward, with flickering lights here and there, Robin Hood and many 15 of his band lay upon the soft green grass, whilst Allan-a-Dale, the sweet-singing minstrel of the band, sang and played upon his harp. All listened in silence, for young Allan’s singing was one of the greatest joys in all the world to them. But as 20

<sup>1</sup> From *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. Copyright, 1905. Charles Scribner’s Sons, Publishers.

they so listened there came of a sudden a sound of horses' feet, and presently Little John and Will Stutly came forth from the forest path into the open glade, a beautiful young page, gay with crimson and gold, riding between them upon a milk-white horse. The three came toward where Robin Hood sat, all the band staring with might and main, for never had they seen so gay a sight as this young page, nor one so richly clad in silks and velvets and gold and jewels. Then Robin Hood arose and stepped forth to meet him, and the other leaped from his horse, and, doffing his cap of crimson velvet, met Robin as he came.

"Now welcome!" cried Robin. "Now welcome, 15 fair youth; and tell me, I prithee, what bringeth one of so fair a presence and clad in such noble garb to our poor forest of Sherwood."

Then the youth said: "If I err not, thou art the famous Robin Hood, and these thy stout band 20 of outlawed yeomen. I am Richard Partington, and page to her Royal Majesty. To thee I bring greeting from our noble Queen Eleanor. Oft hath she heard thee spoken of and thy merry doings hereabouts, and fain would she behold thy face; 25 therefore she bids me tell thee that if thou wilt presently come to London Town, she will do all in

her power to guard thee against harm, and will send thee back safe to Sherwood Forest again. Four days hence, in Finsbury Fields, our good King Henry, of great renown, holdeth a grand shooting match, and all the most famous archers of merry 5 England will be thereat. Our Queen would fain see thee strive with these, knowing that if thou wilt come, thou wilt, with little doubt, carry off the prize. Therefore she hath sent me with this greeting, and furthermore sends thee, as a sign of great 10 good will, this golden ring from off her own fair thumb, which I give herewith into thy hands."

Then Robin Hood bowed his head, and, taking the ring, kissed it right loyally, and then slipped it upon his little finger. Quoth he, "Sooner would 15 I lose my life than this ring; and ere it departs from me, my hand shall be cold in death or stricken off at the wrist. Fair Sir Page, I will do our Queen's bidding."

Then Little John and Will Scarlet and Allan-a- 20 Dale ran leaping, full of joy, to make themselves ready, whilst Robin also prepared himself for the journey. After a while they all four came forth, and a right fair sight they made, for Robin was clad in blue from head to foot, and Little John and 25 Will Scarlet in good Lincoln green, and as for

Allan-a-Dale, he was dressed in scarlet from the crown of his head to the toes of his pointed shoes. Each man wore beneath his cap a little head covering of burnished steel set with rivets of gold, and  
5 underneath his jerkin a coat of linked mail as fine as carded wool, yet so tough that no arrow could pierce it. Then, seeing all were ready, young Partington mounted his horse again, and, the yeomen having shaken hands all around, the five departed  
10 upon their way.

Queen Eleanor sat in her royal bower, through the open casements of which poured the sweet yellow sunshine in great floods of golden light. To her came one who said that her page, Richard  
15 Partington, and four stout yeomen waited her pleasure in the court below. Then Queen Eleanor arose joyously and bade them be straightway shown into her presence.

Thus Robin Hood and Little John and Will  
20 Scarlet and Allan-a-Dale came before the Queen into her own royal bower. Then Robin kneeled before the Queen with his hands folded upon his breast, saying, in simple phrase: "Here am I, Robin Hood. Thou didst bid me come, and lo! I  
25 do thy bidding. I give myself to thee as thy true

servant, and will do thy commanding, even if it be to the shedding of the last drop of my life's blood."

But good Queen Eleanor smiled pleasantly upon him, bidding him to arise; then she made them all be seated to rest themselves after their long journey. Rich food was brought them and noble wines, and she had her own pages to wait upon the wants of the yeomen. At last, after they had eaten all they could, she began questioning them of their merry adventures. Then they told her all of the lusty doings herein spoken of, and the Queen and the ladies about her laughed again and again at the joyous stories. Then, when they had told all that they could bring to mind, the Queen asked Allan to sing to her, for his fame as a minstrel had reached even to the court at London Town; and Allan did as he was bidden, and the Queen and her ladies listened in silence.

A gay sight were famous Finsbury Fields on that bright and sunny morning of lusty summer time. Along the end of the meadow stood the booths for the different bands of archers, for the King's yeomen were divided into companies of four score men, and each company had a captain over it; so on the bright greensward stood ten



booths of striped canvas, a booth for each band of the royal archers, and at the peak of each fluttered a flag in the mellow air, and the flag was the color that belonged to the captain of each band. From the center booth hung the yellow <sup>5</sup> flag of Tepus, the famous bow bearer of the King; next to it, on one hand, was the blue flag of Gilbert of the White Hand, and on the other the blood-red pennant of stout young Clifton of Buckinghamshire. The seven other archer captains <sup>10</sup> were also men of great renown; among them were Egbert of Kent and William of Southampton; but those first named were most famous of all. The noise of many voices in talk and laughter came from within the booths, and in and out ran <sup>15</sup> the attendants like ants about an ant-hill. On each side of the archery range were rows upon rows of seats reaching high aloft, and in the center of the north side was a raised dais for the King and Queen, shaded by canvas of gay colors, and <sup>20</sup> hung about with streaming silken pennants of red and blue and green and white. As yet the King and Queen had not come, but all the other benches were full of people, rising head above head high aloft till it made the eye dizzy to look upon them. <sup>25</sup> Eight score yards distant from the mark from

which the archers were to shoot stood ten fair targets, each target marked by a flag of the color belonging to the band that was to shoot thereat. So all was ready and all waited for the coming of  
5 the King and Queen.

At last a great blast of bugles sounded, and into the meadow came riding six trumpeters, with silver trumpets, from which hung velvet banners heavy with rich workings of silver and gold thread.  
10 Behind these came stout King Henry upon a dapple-gray stallion, with his Queen beside him upon a milk-white palfrey. On either side of them walked the yeomen of the guard, the bright sunlight flashing from the polished blades of the steel  
15 halberds they carried. Behind these came the Court in a great crowd, so that presently all the lawn was alive with bright colors, with silk and velvet, with waving plumes and gleaming gold, with flashing jewels and sword hilts; a gallant  
20 sight on that bright summer day.

Then all the people arose and shouted; so that their voices sounded like the storm upon the Cornish coast, when the dark waves run upon the shore and leap and break, surging amid the rocks; so,  
25 amid the roaring and the surging of the people, and the waving of scarfs and kerchiefs, the King

and Queen came to their place, and, getting down from their horses, mounted the broad stairs that led to the raised platform, and there took their seats on two thrones bedecked with purple silks and cloths of silver and gold. 5

When all was quiet a bugle sounded, and straightway the archers came marching in order from their tents. Forty score they were in all, as stalwart a band of yeomen as could be found in all the wide world. So they came in orderly fashion and stood in front of the dais where King Henry and his Queen sat. King Henry looked up and down their ranks right proudly, for his heart warmed within him at the sight of such a gallant band of yeomen. Then he bade his herald, Sir Hugh de Mowbray, stand forth and proclaim the rules governing the game. So Sir Hugh stepped to the edge of the platform and spoke in a loud, clear voice, so that they could hear him even to the ends of the range, and thus he said: 15

That each man should shoot seven arrows at the target that belonged to his band, and, of the four score yeomen of each band, the three that shot the best should be chosen. These three should shoot three arrows apiece, and the one that shot the best 25 should again be chosen. Then each of these should

again shoot three arrows apiece, and the one that shot the best should have the first prize, the one that shot the next best should have the second, and the one that shot the next best should have  
5 the third prize. Each of the others should have four score silver pennies for his shooting. The first prize was to be two score and ten golden pounds, a silver bugle horn inlaid with gold, and a quiver with ten white arrows tipped with gold and feath-  
10 ered with white swan's wing therein. The sec-  
ond prize was to be five score of the fattest bucks that run on Dallen Lea, to be shot when the yeo-  
man that won them chose. The third was to be two tun's of good Rhenish wine.

15 So Sir Hugh spoke, and when he had done all the archers waved their bows aloft and shouted. Then each band turned and marched in order back to its place.

And now the shooting began, the captains first  
20 taking stand and speeding their shafts and then making room for the men, who shot, each in turn, after them. Two hundred and eighty score shafts were shot in all, and so deftly were they sped that when the shooting was done each target looked like  
25 the back of a hedgehog when the farm dog snuffs at it. A long time was taken in this shooting,

and when it was over the judges came forward, looked carefully at the targets, and proclaimed in a loud voice which three had shot the best from the separate bands. Then a great hubbub of voices arose, each man among the crowd that looked on 5 calling for his favorite archer. Then ten fresh targets were brought forward, and every sound was hushed as the archers took their places once more.

This time the shooting was more speedily done, for only nine shafts were shot by each band. Not 10 an arrow missed the targets, but in that of Gilbert of the White Hand five arrows were in the small white spot that marked the center; of these, three were sped by Gilbert. The judges came forward again, and, looking at the targets, called aloud the 15 name of the archer chosen as the best Bowman of each band. Of these Gilbert of the White Hand led, for six of the ten arrows he had shot had lodged in the center; but stout Tepus and young Clifton trod close upon his heels; yet the others stood a 20 fair chance for the second or third place.

Now, amid the roaring of the crowd, the ten stout fellows that were left went back to their tents to rest for a while and change their bowstrings, for naught must fail at this next round, and no hand 25 must tremble or eye grow dim because of weariness.

Then whilst the deep buzz and hum of talking sounded all around like the noise of the wind in the leafy forest, Queen Eleanor turned to the King, and quoth she, “Thinkest thou that these young yeomen so chosen are the very best archers in all merry England ?”

“Yea, truly,” said the King, smiling, for he was well pleased with the sport that he had seen; “and I tell thee that not only are they the best archers in all merry England but in all the wide world beside.”

“But what wouldest thou say,” quoth Queen Eleanor, “if I were to find three archers to match the best three yeomen of all thy guard ?”

“I would say thou hast done what I could not do,” said the King, laughing; “for I tell thee there lives not in all the world three archers to match Tepus and Gilbert and Clifton of Buckinghamshire.”

“Now,” said the Queen, “I know of three yeomen, and in truth I have seen them not long since, that I would not fear to match against any three that thou canst choose from among all thy forty score archers; and, moreover, I will match them here this very day. But I will only match them with thy archers, providing that thou wilt grant a free pardon to all that may come in my behalf.”

At this the King laughed loud and long. "Truly," said he, "thou art taking up with strange matters for a queen. If thou wilt bring those three fellows that thou speakest of, I will promise faithfully to give them free pardon for forty days, to come or go wheresoever they please, nor will I harm a hair of their heads in all that time. Moreover, if these that thou bringest shoot better than my yeomen, man for man, they shall have the prizes for themselves according to their shooting. But as thou hast so taken up of a sudden with sports of this kind, hast thou a mind for a wager?"  
5

"Why, in sooth," said Queen Eleanor, "I know naught of such matters; but if thou hast a mind to do somewhat in that way, I will strive to pleasure thee. What wilt thou wager upon thy men?"  
15

Then the merry King laughed again, for he dearly loved a goodly jest; so he said, amidst his laughter, "I will wager thee ten tuns of Rhenish wine, ten tuns of the stoutest ale, and ten score bows of tempered Spanish yew, with quivers and arrows to match."  
20

All that stood around smiled at this, for it seemed a merry wager for a king to give to a queen; but Queen Eleanor bowed her head quietly.  
25 "I will take thy wager," said she, "for I know

right well where to place those things that thou hast spoken of. Now who will be on my side in this matter?" And she looked around upon them that stood about; but no one cared to wager upon  
5 the Queen's side against such archers as Tepus and Gilbert and Clifton. Then the Queen spoke again: "Now who will back me in this wager?"

And then, as no one ventured, she said: "Nay, I need no man's aid in this undertaking; but  
10 against thy wine and beer and stout bows of Spanish yew I wager this girdle all set with jewels from around my waist; and surely that is worth more than thine."

"Now I take thy wager," quoth the King.  
15 "Send for thy archers straightway. But here come forth the others; let them shoot, and then I will match those that win against all the world."

"So be it," said the Queen. Thereupon, beckoning to young Richard Partington, she whispered  
20 something in his ear, and straightway the page bowed and left the place, crossing the meadow to the other side of the range, where he was presently lost in the crowd. At this all that stood around whispered to one another, wondering what it all meant,  
25 and what three men the Queen was about to set against those famous archers of the King's guard.

And now the ten archers of the King's guard took their stand again, and all the great crowd was hushed to the stillness of death. Slowly and carefully each man shot his shafts, and so deep was the silence that you could hear every arrow <sup>5</sup> rap against the target as it struck it. Then, when the last shaft had sped, a great roar went up; and the shooting, I wot, was well worthy of the sound. Once again Gilbert had lodged three arrows in the white; Tepus came second with two in the <sup>10</sup> white and one in the black ring next to it; but stout Clifton had gone down and Hubert of Suffolk had taken the third place; for, while both those two good yeomen had lodged two in the white, Clifton had lost one shot upon the fourth ring, <sup>15</sup> and Hubert came in with one in the third.

All the archers around Gilbert's booth shouted for joy till their throats were hoarse, tossing their caps aloft and shaking hands with one another.

In the midst of all this noise and hubbub five <sup>20</sup> men came walking across the lawn toward the King's pavilion. The first was Richard Partington, who was known to most folk there, but the others were strange to everybody. Beside young Partington walked a yeoman clad in blue, and <sup>25</sup> behind came three others, two in Lincoln green

and one in scarlet. This last yeoman carried three stout bows of yew tree, two fancifully inlaid with silver and one with gold. Whilst these five men came walking across the meadow a messenger came  
5 running from the King's booth, and summoned Gilbert and Tepus and Hubert to go with him. And now the shouting quickly ceased, for all saw that something unwonted was toward, so the folk stood up in their places and leaned forward to see  
10 what was the ado.

When Partington and the others came before the spot where the King and Queen sat, the four yeomen bent their knees and doffed their caps unto her.

15 Then the Queen leaned forward and spake in a clear voice. "Locksley," said she, "I have laid a wager with the King that thou and two of thy men can outshoot any three that he can send against you. Wilt thou do thy best for my sake?"  
20 The King turned to the Queen, and quoth he, "Who are these thou hast brought before us?"

Now it happened that in the company then present was the Sheriff of Nottingham. When he beheld the four yeomen his face turned as pale as  
25 wax and then as red as a cherry. Then straight-way up he spake, thinking naught either of King

or Queen : “ Your Majesty,” quoth he, “ yon fellow in blue is a certain outlawed thief of the mid-country, named Robin Hood ; yon tall, strapping villain goeth by the name of Little John ; the other fellow in green is a certain backsliding gentleman known as Will Scarlet ; the man in red is a rogue of a northern minstrel, named Allan-a-Dale.”

At this speech the King’s brows drew together blackly, and he turned to the Queen. “ Is this true ? ” said he sternly.

10

“ Yea,” said the Queen, smiling ; “ the Sheriff should know them well, and he hath told the truth ; but bear in mind that thou hast pledged thy promise for the safety of these good yeomen for forty days.”

15

“ I will keep my promise,” said the King in a deep voice that showed the anger in his heart ; “ but when these forty days are gone let this outlaw look to himself, for mayhap things will not go so smoothly with him as he would like.” Then he turned to his archers, who stood near the Sherwood yeomen, listening and wondering at all that passed. Quoth he, “ Gilbert, and thou, Tepus, and thou, Hubert, I have pledged myself that ye shall shoot against these three fellows. If ye outshoot the knaves, I will fill your caps with silver pennies ; if

ye fail, ye shall lose your prizes that ye have won so fairly, and they go to them that shoot against you, man to man. Do your best, lads, and if ye win this bout, ye shall be glad of it all of your life.

5 Go, now, and get you gone to the butts."

Then the three archers of the King turned and went back to their booths, and Robin and his men went to their places at the mark from which they were to shoot. Then they strung their bows and 10 made themselves ready, looking over their quivers of arrows and picking out the roundest and the best feathered.

Six fresh targets were now set up, one for each man that was to shoot; whereupon Gilbert and 15 Tepus and Hubert came straightway forth from the booths. Then Robin Hood and Gilbert of the White Hand tossed a farthing aloft to see who should lead in the shooting, and the lot fell to Gilbert's side; thereupon he called upon Hubert 20 of Suffolk to lead.

Hubert took his place, planted his foot firmly, and fitted a fair, smooth arrow; then, breathing upon his finger tips, he drew the string slowly and carefully. The arrow sped true, and lodged in the 25 white; again he shot, and again he hit the clout; a third shaft he sped, but this time failed of the

center, and but struck the black, yet not more than a finger's breadth from the white. At this a shout went up, for it was the best shooting that Hubert had yet done that day.

Merry Robin laughed, and quoth he, "Thou wilt have an ill time bettering that round, Will, for it is thy turn next. Brace thy thews, lad, and bring not shame upon Sherwood." 5

Then Will Scarlet took his place; but, because of over-caution, he spoiled his target with the very first arrow that he sped, for he hit the next ring to the black, the second from the center. At this Robin bit his lips. "Lad, lad," quoth he, "hold not the string so long. Have I not often told thee what Gaffer Swanhold sayeth, that 'over-caution 10 spilleth the milk'?" 15

To this Will Scarlet took heed, so the next arrow he shot lodged fairly in the center ring; again he shot, and again he smote the center; but, for all that, stout Hubert had outshot him, and showed 20 the better target. Then all those that looked on clapped their hands for joy because that Hubert had overcome the stranger.

Quoth the King, grimly, to the Queen, "If thy archers shoot no better than that, thou art likely to 25 lose thy wager, lady." But Queen Eleanor smiled,

for she looked for better things from Robin Hood and Little John.

And now Tepus took his place to shoot. He, also, took over-heed to what he was about, and so  
5 he fell into Will Scarlet's error. The first arrow he struck into the center ring, but the second missed its mark and smote the black; the last arrow was tipped with luck, for it smote the very center of the clout, upon the black spot that  
10 marked it. Quoth Robin Hood: "That is the sweetest shot that hath been sped this day; but, nevertheless, friend Tepus, thy cake is burned, methinks. Little John, it is thy turn next."

So Little John took his place as bidden, and  
15 shot his three arrows quickly. He never lowered his bow arm in all the shooting, but fitted each shaft with his longbow raised; yet all three of his arrows smote the center within easy distance of the black. At this no sound of shouting was  
20 heard, for, although it was the best shooting that had been done that day, the folk of London Town did not like to see the stout Tepus overcome by a fellow from the countryside, even were he as famous as Little John.

25 And now stout Gilbert of the White Hand took his place and shot with the greatest care; and

again, for the third time in one day, he struck all three shafts into the clout.

“ Well done, Gilbert ! ” quoth Robin Hood, smiting him upon the shoulder. “ I make my vow, thou art one of the best archers that ever mine eyes beheld. Thou shouldst be a free and merry ranger like us, lad, for thou art better fitted for the greenwood than for the cobblestones and gray walls of London Town.” So saying, he took his place and drew a fair, round arrow from his quiver, which he turned over and over ere he fitted it to his bowstring.

Then the King muttered in his beard, “ Now, blessed St. Hubert, if thou wilt but jog that rogue’s elbow so as to make him smite even the second ring, I will give eight score waxen candles three fingers’ breadth in thickness to thy chapel nigh Matching.” But it may be St. Hubert’s ears were stuffed with tow, for he seemed not to hear the King’s prayer this day. 20

Having gotten three shafts to his liking, merry Robin looked carefully to his bowstring ere he shot. “ Yea,” quoth he to Gilbert, who stood nigh him to watch his shooting, “ thou shouldst pay us a visit at merry Sherwood.” Here he drew 25 the bowstring to his ear. “ In London ” — here he

loosed his shaft—"thou canst find naught to shoot at but rooks and daws; there one can tickle the ribs of the noblest stags in England." So he shot even whilst he talked, yet the shaft lodged  
5 not more than half an inch from the very center.

"By my soul!" cried Gilbert. "Art thou the devil in blue, to shoot in that wise?"

"Nay," quoth Robin, laughing, "not quite so ill as that, I trust." And he took up another shaft  
10 and fitted it to the string. Again he shot, and again he smote his arrow close beside the center; a third time he loosed his bowstring and dropped his arrow just betwixt the other two and into the very center, so that the feathers of all three were ruffled together,  
15 seeming from a distance to be one thick shaft.

And now a low murmur rang all among that great crowd, for never before had London seen such shooting as this; and never again would it see it after Robin Hood's day had gone. All saw  
20 that the King's archers were fairly beaten, and stout Gilbert clapped his palm to Robin's, owning that he could never hope to draw such a bowstring as Robin Hood or Little John. But the King, full of wrath, would not have it so, though he knew  
25 in his mind that his men could not stand against those fellows. "Nay," cried he, clinching his

hands upon the arms of his seat ; “ Gilbert is not yet beaten. Did he not strike the clout thrice ? Although I have lost my wager, he hath not yet lost the first prize. They shall shoot again, and still again, till either he or that knave Robin Hood cometh off the best. Go thou, Sir Hugh, and bid them shoot another round, and another, until one or the other is overcome.” Then Sir Hugh, seeing how wroth the King was, said never a word, but went straightway to do his bidding ; so he came to where Robin Hood and the other stood, and told them what the King had said.

“ With all my heart,” quoth merry Robin. “ I will shoot from this time till to-morrow day if it can pleasure my most gracious lord and King. Take thy place, Gilbert, lad, and shoot.”

So Gilbert took his place once more, but this time he failed, for, a sudden little wind arising, his shaft missed the center ring, but by not more than the breadth of a barley straw.

20

“ Thy eggs are cracked, Gilbert,” quoth Robin, laughing ; and straightway he loosed a shaft, and once more smote the white circle of the center.

Then the King arose from his place, and not a word said he ; but he looked around with a baleful look, and it would have been an ill day for any one

that he saw with a joyous or a merry look upon his face. Then he and his Queen and all the Court left the place, but the King's heart was brimming full of wrath within him.

5 After the king had gone all the yeomen of the archer guard came crowding around Robin, and Little John, and Will, and Allan, to snatch a look at these famous fellows from the mid-country ; and with them came many that had been onlookers at  
10 the sport, for the same purpose. Thus it happened presently that the yeomen, to whom Gilbert stood talking, were all surrounded by a crowd of people that formed a ring about them. "Marry," quoth Little John to Will Scarlet, "one would think that  
15 these poor fellows had never seen a stout yeoman ranger in all their lives before, or that we were some curious spectacle, like the Cumberland Giant, or the Welsh Dwarf, that we saw last month at the fair at Norwich."

20 After a while the three judges that had the giving away of the prizes came forward, and the chief of them all spake to Robin and said, "According to agreement, the first prize belongeth rightly to thee ; so here I give thee the silver bugle, here the  
25 quiver of ten golden arrows, and here a purse of two score and ten golden pounds." And as he

spake he handed those things to Robin, and then turned to Little John. "To thee," he said, "belongeth the second prize, to wit, five score of the finest harts that run on Dallen Lea. Thou mayest shoot them whensoever thou dost list." Last of all he 5 turned to stout Hubert. "Thou," said he, "hast held thine own against the yeoman with whom thou didst shoot, and so thou hast kept the prize duly thine, to wit, two tuns of good Rhenish wine. These shall be delivered to thee whensoever thou 10 dost list." Then he called upon the other seven of the King's archers who had last shot, and gave them each four score silver pennies.

Then up spake Robin, and quoth he: "This silver bugle I keep in honor of this shooting match; 15 but thou, Gilbert, art the best archer of all the King's guard, and to thee I freely give this purse of gold. Take it, man, and would it were ten times as much, for thou art a right yeoman, good and true. Furthermore, to each of the ten that 20 last shot I give one of these golden shafts apiece. Keep them always by you, so that ye may tell your grandchildren that ye are the very stoutest yeomen in all the wide world."

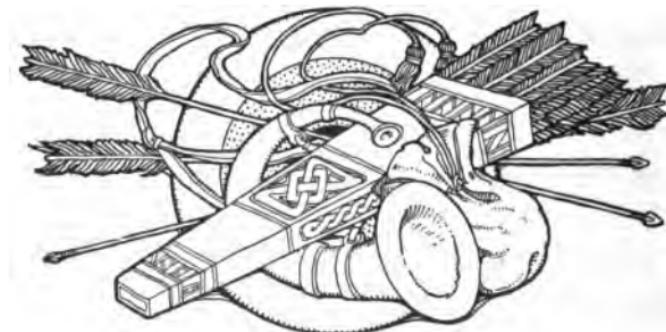
At this all shouted aloud, for it pleased them to 25 hear Robin speak so of them.

Then up spake Little John. "Good friend Tepus," said he, "I want not those harts of Dallen Lea that yon stout judge spoke of but now, for we have more than enow in our own country. Two score and ten I give thee for thine own shooting,  
5 and five I give to each band for their pleasure."

At this another great shout went up, and many tossed their caps aloft and swore among themselves that no better fellows ever walked the sod  
10 than Robin Hood and his stout yeomen.

Thus ended the famous shooting match before Queen Eleanor.

quoth: said. — doffing: taking off. — bower: a lady's room.  
— lusty: mighty, full of strength. — dais: a raised platform. —  
halberd: a long-handled weapon with a sharp, ornamented point.  
— bedecked: decorated. — wot: know. — unwonted: unusual.  
— toward: about to happen. — clout: the center of a target. — list:  
choose. — bout: contest. — thews: muscles. — ranger: rover.  
— paleful: full of evil. — enow: enough.



## RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

WALTER SCOTT

When the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, to take boat and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable 5 compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his sovereign and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

“Had my lord sent me with a cartel to Leices- 10 ter,” said Blount as he went down the stairs, “I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious sovereign, before whom all words must be lacquered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionery matter as baffles my poor old English brain. Come with me, Tracy; and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow 15 at need with some of thy shrewd devices.”

“Never fear!” exclaimed the youth. “It is I will help you through; let me but fetch my cloak.”

“Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders,” said Blount; “the lad is mazed.”

“No, this is Tracy’s old mantle,” answered Walter. “I go not with thee to court unless as 5 a gentleman should.”

“Why,” said Blount, “thy braveries will dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter.”

“I know that,” said the youth; “but I am resolved I will have my own cloak — aye, and brush 10 my doublet to boot — ere I stir forth with you.”

“Well, well,” said Blount; “here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak. Get thyself ready.”

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now 15 shone forth in all its splendor.

“There are two things scarce matched in the universe,” said Walter to Blount: “the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth.”

“The one will light us to Greenwich well 20 enough,” said Blount, “and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide.”

“And this is all thou think’st, all thou carest, all thou deem’st the use of the king of elements and the king of rivers, to guide three such poor 25 caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony.”

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount; "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me. And by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort 5 of labor in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, did indeed lie at the great stairs which 10 ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and 15 all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

At this moment the gates opened and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, 20 amid a crowd of lords and ladies, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. 25

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of wardens permitted, in order to avail himself of 5 the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder,—a natural action, which served, however, to display his figure 10 to the best advantage. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, 15 struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited, or to the fair external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly she fixed her keen glance on the youth with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed 20 with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet 25 more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to 5



insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance.

10

The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

“Come along, Sir Coxcomb,” said Blount; “your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a footcloth of thy mantle, better have kept Tracy’s old coat, which 5 despises all colors.”

“This cloak,” said the youth, taking it up and folding it, “shall never be brushed while in my possession.”

“And that will not be long, if you learn not a 10 little more economy.”

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

“I was sent,” said he, after looking at them attentively, “to a gentleman who hath no cloak, 15 or a muddy one. You, sir, I think,” addressing the younger cavalier, “are the man; you will please to follow me.”

“He is in attendance on me,” said Blount—“on me, the Earl of Sussex’s master of horse.”

20 “I have nothing to say to that,” answered the messenger; “my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only.”

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount’s eyes almost 25 starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up 5 the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. 15

At length one of her attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge. He was then brought aft to the Queen's presence, 20 the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with 25 which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

5 "In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and who answered with a mumbled assent. "Well, 10 young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

15 "May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —".

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said 20 the Queen, interrupting him. "Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was 25 still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

“How, boy!” said the Queen; “neither gold nor garment! What is it, then, that thou wouldest have of me?”

“Only permission, madam,—if it is not asking too high an honor,—permission to wear the cloak 5 which did you this trifling service.”

“Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!” said the Queen.

“It is no longer mine,” said Walter. “When your Majesty’s foot touched it, it became a fit 10 mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner.”

The Queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion. 15

“Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth’s head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou? What is thy name and birth?” 20

“Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen,—the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire.”

“Raleigh!” said Elizabeth, after a moment’s recollection. “Have we not heard of your service 25 in Ireland?”

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters. The poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our orders reached him when he was just returned from certain visits in London, and he held it a matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

**cartel**: a challenge. — **coil**: disturbance. — **physiognomy**: countenance. — **wherries**: light, narrow boats.

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